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MONARCHY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The death of Queen Victoria has naturally suggested some consideration of the part which Royalty has played in the politics of the world during the last sixty years. At the time of the late Queen's accession, the institution was a good deal discredited on the Continent of Europe, and even in England. The great reaction, which followed the revolutionary wave at the close of the previous century, had spent itself, and a distinctly Republican feeling was noticeable in most Western countries. Royalty had done little to vindicate its *métier* after the fall of Napoleon. The Bourbon Restoration in France had been a conspicuous failure, and had ended, ignominiously enough, in the Revolution of 1830. The *bourgeois* monarchy of Louis Philippe, which followed, had failed to make the royal office popular at home or respected abroad. The King himself, though a man in many ways of great intellectual ability and considerable knowledge both of the world and of books, was a self-opinionated pedant, who believed that human nature could be deceived to an unlimited extent by forms and words. The system under which he ruled France was a despotism of the middle classes, which had not even the merit of being

honest. The eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign had the effect of finally alienating the French people from monarchical institutions. Under this shabbily corrupt *régime*, feeling was steadily ripening for the outburst of 1848, which led the way in France to another trial of Cæsarism, and finally to what seems likely to be permanent Republicanism.

In the other States of the Continent, the thrones were not as a rule in good odor, and were making no effort to adjust their footing to the rising flood of Democracy. In Austria, the old Emperor Francis the First, who had lived right through the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, a veritable legacy from the eighteenth century, had been succeeded, in 1835, by the well-intentioned and thoroughly incapable Ferdinand, who surrendered himself blindly to the spiritual despotism of the Ultramontane clergy and to the stubborn policy of sitting on the safety-valve in temporal matters which Metternich industriously cultivated. The Prussian monarchy, after temporarily putting itself at the head of the national German movement in the War of Liberation, had relapsed ingloriously under King Frederick William the Third, and subsided into a course of narrow re-

pression which was gradually arousing even its equable and long-suffering subjects to angry revolt. Nor can it be said that the brilliant rhetorician, Frederick William the Fourth, who succeeded to the Brandenburg Throne not long after the accession of Queen Victoria, did much to mend matters. His want of capacity and resolution threw back the movement in favor of German unity for a good many years, and enabled Austria to continue playing the dominant part in the Germanic world long after she had forfeited all reasonable claims to that position. In Russia the Tsar Nicolas, much occupied in opposing the aspirations of the Poles and other nationalities within his dominions, showed neither capacity nor desire to improve the internal condition of his vast heterogeneous realm, or to carry on the work of civilizing the Muscovite Empire which had been undertaken by the great Sovereigns of the previous century. Between them, the three absolutist Courts of Europe were still pledged to the dangerous doctrines of the Holy Alliance, and engaged in an absurdly futile attempt to stem the tide of human progress, and to arrest the spread of progressive institutions. It is perhaps worth noticing that nearly all the members of this group of rulers were in a condition of imperfect mental or physical health. Ferdinand of Austria was a weakly invalid; Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia became paralyzed and insane at a comparatively early age; Nicolas, though gifted with the gigantic physical proportions of the Romanoffs, was not altogether of sound mind; and Louis Philippe was vain, egotistical and injudicious to the last degree, and towards the close of his reign his intelligence showed obvious signs of suffering from the trials and labors to which he had been subjected in the days of his misfortunes half a century earlier.

In England itself, the monarchy was less popular than it had been at any time since the latter part of the seventeenth century. George the Fourth had thoroughly disgraced the office, and had deeply affronted all that was best in the sentiment of the English people. Although his offences were condoned, especially by the fashionable world of the metropolis, they were never really forgiven by the middle classes or by the masses, with whom, ever since Queen Caroline's trial, the King had been openly and bitterly disliked. How prevalent this feeling was and how little attempt was made to disguise it, is shown by the outspoken comment of the Times when George the Fourth died. Without even making a pretence of conventional eulogium, the leading journal wrote of the dead King with a frankness which in these days strikes us as almost brutal:—

The truth is—and it speaks volumes about the man—that there never was an individual less regretted by his fellow-creatures than this deceased King. What eye has wept for him? What heart has heaved one throb of unmercenary sorrow? Was there at any time a gorgeous pageant on the stage more completely forgotten than he has been, even from the day on which the heralds proclaimed his successor? Has not that successor gained more upon the English tastes and prepossessions of his subjects, by the blunt and unaffected—even should it be the grotesque—cordiality of his demeanor, within a few short weeks, than George the Fourth—that Leviathan of the *haut ton*—ever did during the sixty-eight years of his existence? If George the Fourth ever had a friend—a devoted friend—in any rank of life, we protest that the name of him or her has not yet reached us.

There is nothing in this passage which is not thoroughly justified by all that is known and recorded of the

career of His Sacred Majesty the Fourth George; but we need only measure the distance we have traversed since that period, by endeavoring to conceive of a respectable London newspaper publishing a criticism of this kind on the very morrow of the death of a Royal personage, no matter what his character had been. William the Fourth, though a considerable improvement on his brother, was not in himself a particularly estimable person. He was good-natured, well-meaning, self-indulgent and rather stupid. The best that could be said of him was that he had done little harm, and in a muddle-headed fashion had meant well by the country. The Times was a little more polite to him than his predecessor, but it was openly contemptuous:—

All is now over. The good old King of England is relieved from earthly trouble—from mental anxiety, domestic and political—from bodily suffering, such as it was terrible to witness. Death has done its worst on what was mortal of King William, and the memory of his inoffensive nature will protect that portion of him which bade defiance to death from the shafts of human envy, vengeance or malignity. The monarch whose loss we now deplore had committed no wrong, had provoked no enemy, and in the tomb need fear no slander. . . .

This was not exactly the kind of sovereign to raise the reputation of the Crown in the eyes of a people who were disposed to decry it, or to withstand the growth of Radical and Republican feeling. In point of fact, when the Queen came to the Throne, a large part of England was flagrantly anti-monarchical. Of the two great political parties, one, indeed, was os-

tentatiously opposed to the Court and what it considered the Court faction. But outside the Whigs and the Tories there was an immense body of unenfranchised, but not inarticulate, opinion in the country, which was strongly inclined to Republicanism, and by it the ancient constitutional Monarchy of Great Britain was treated with flagrant disrespect. The populace of London, which in recent years has become frantic in its demonstrations of attachment to the Throne and its occupant, was in those days notoriously disloyal. Greville in his *Diary*, describing the marriage of the Queen, notes it as rather an agreeable sign that the behavior of the people showed some amount of courtesy and interest.¹

To intelligent observers in 1837 or thereabouts, several of the great States of the world seemed on the verge of imminent disruption or revolt. De Tocqueville says in his *Memoirs* that during this period any person, at all accustomed to follow political phenomena with attention, might have been quite sure that France was preparing for revolution. Germany, Italy and Austria were seething with discontent, and working themselves into the feverish condition which culminated in the events of 1848 and 1849. Not only were there economic distress and political dissatisfaction, but in most of the Continental countries there seemed to be a loosening of the national ties, and a dissolution into their component elements of the more or less artificial State-systems created in the preceding century. And to a certain extent the same tendencies were perceptible even in the British Empire. England was in a highly restless and unsatisfied temper of mind when the young Queen assumed the crown. The laboring

¹ The Queen proceeded in state from Buckingham House to St. James's without any cheering, but then it was raining enough to damp warmer loyalty than that of a London mob.

. . . Upon leaving the palace for Windsor she and her young husband were pretty well received.—Greville *Memoirs*, vol. iv. chap. vii.

masses were impatient of their lot, which had by no means improved during the preceding decades; the middle classes, though prosperous enough, were irritated by the undue share of political power and social distinction which still remained with the privileged orders; and the general impression seems to have been that the body politic was in a somewhat unhealthy condition, and that violent remedies might become necessary. Greville notes that during the closing days of King William the Fourth everybody went about with a profound conviction that something serious was going to happen, though, it is true, he adds, with his usual philosophical cynicism, "Nothing will happen, because in this country nothing ever *does* happen." Possibly if he could have foreseen the terrific calamity which, within the course of the next few years, was to visit Ireland and almost shatter the whole fabric of society in that unfortunate country, even the complacent diarist might have altered his opinion. Outside the United Kingdom there was little loyalty and a very languid sense of devotion to the Mother-Country. Canada was fermenting with rebellion and half its population were in favor of hauling down the British flag and setting up as a Republic on their own account. In the other colonies Great Britain was regarded as a harsh and disagreeable stepmother, who would be disowned at the earliest convenient opportunity; while in England itself a highly influential school of political thought, to which some of the most able politicians of the day belonged, notoriously regarded the Imperial tie as one quite certain to be severed at an early date, and maintained that the main duty of the central Government towards the Colonies was to prepare them for that independence which they were bound to claim before long. In fact, an observant visitor from the

planet Mars, if he had dropped upon Europe in the early forties, might have been justified in supposing that Great Britain, in common with France, Spain, Austria, Prussia and most of the other Continental countries, was approaching political dissolution.

The change which has occurred in the intervening period is prodigious. Europe has its troubles in abundance, and there is no civilized country which has not plenty of anxieties both in regard to international and domestic affairs; but there is scarcely a great, or even a small, nation of the European family which has not been for a good many years past fairly compact, well-knit and politically solid. The age, which is covered by the reign of Queen Victoria, has been the era of nation-building, of national reconstruction. The loose and shaky fabrics, which seemed tottering to their fall sixty years ago, have now in most cases become sound, water-tight and stable structures. Several of the nations have realized their sense of unity, and nearly all of them are well and firmly governed under monarchical institutions. It would be too much to say that the constitutional or economic position of all is perfectly satisfactory; but it is true that the organization is complete and in good working order, and that the disruptive tendencies have either disappeared or have remained in abeyance. Many causes have combined to bring about these results, but it is undeniable that one of the most efficient factors has been the character and personality of the sovereigns who have occupied several of the European thrones during a greater or less portion of the period. That which, in our ignorance of the laws that govern human destinies, we call Chance, decreed that the line of feeble or incapable monarchs, who occupied the thrones of Europe during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, should

be succeeded by a number of kings and queens who possessed conspicuous force of character, considerable mental and physical energy, and an unusual faculty for government. After George the Fourth and William the Fourth and Louis Philippe and Francis and Ferdinand and the two Frederick Williams and the unhappy individuals who finally discredited the thrones of the Spanish Bourbons, we have had Queen Victoria of England, William the First and then William the Second of Prussia, Francis Joseph of Austria, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Alexander the Second the "Tsar Liberator" of Russia, Leopold the First of Belgium, King Christian of Denmark, and Queen Christina of Spain. Not all these rulers have been men or women of genius, perhaps not one of them was; but it is, I think, safe to assert that they have been gifted with some of the best and most useful qualities which a sovereign can have. They have nearly all been strong sovereigns, they have labored for the interests of their respective countries with assiduity and zeal, and their personal character in most cases was such as to attach to them the loyalty and regard of the masses of their subjects. It happened also, by another happy stroke of Fate, that several of them lived to an advanced age, and that their reigns were prolonged far beyond the average span of rule allotted to sovereigns. There is perhaps no other station in life in which length of years is so palpable an advantage as in that of kingship. Loyalty is always a plant of slow growth; and it was exceedingly fortunate that the second revolutionary phase in modern Europe was followed by a period in which, in several countries, the Kings and Queens reigned long enough to gain a firm hold upon the affections of their subjects. No one can doubt that in the case of Queen Victoria the secular duration of her reign has been

of the utmost political value to the British Empire. It took years before the people, either of Great Britain or of Greater Britain, were really weaned from the contemptuous toleration which they had extended to the last preceding scions of the Hanoverian dynasty. During the first portion of their married life the Queen and the Prince Consort were scarcely popular, and it was not perhaps until after Prince Albert's death that Her Majesty began to occupy her extraordinary and unique position in the affections of the English race. And it is equally indisputable that the personality of the Queen has been a real consolidating agency in the British Empire. While Downing Street was lecturing the Colonies, and while the Colonists were still raw with the old sense of suspicion and distrust, there was a growing pride in the Throne and an increasing sentimental attachment to the reigning family. In a constitutional monarchy, as Walter Bagehot has said, one of the chief functions of Royal personages is to perform the ordinary transactions of life in an interesting manner. This assuredly was what Queen Victoria and her descendants have been doing industriously for more than half a century, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the effect of their exalted domesticity on peoples like those of the various Anglo-Saxon communities. The sense of a profound interest, and a kind of proprietorship, in the Courts at Osborne, Windsor and Balmoral, quickened by occasional visits of princes to India and the Colonies, was really welding the British Empire together, even while Imperial Federation was still not more than the hobby of a few public men and the occasional commonplace of a political banquet. Nothing is more curious than the absolute disappearance, not only of the Separatist, but also of the Republican, sentiment in the British Empire. In spite

of Ireland and South Africa, it is true to say that there are a quite insignificant number of persons to-day, who would seriously contemplate any political changes which would remove them altogether from the control of the King of England.

The "Bond of Empire" has not been the so-called "Imperial" Parliament, which the Legislatures of the self-governing Colonies have always regarded with jealousy, nor the Imperial Cabinet, which is only one of the many committees that administer the several portions of the British Empire, but the Throne, as represented by a venerated Sovereign. There has been a most remarkable modification of the feeling with regard to the Royal prerogative. Colonial constitutionalists like the Canadian Alpheus Todd, the author of the standard work on "Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies," are now inclined even to exaggerate the powers of the Crown. This, of course, is done with the direct object of proving that the Colonial Legislatures are co-equal with that of the United Kingdom and not in any way subordinate to it. But we may well doubt whether there would be this contented acquiescence in the Royal supremacy, if the wearer of the crown, during the past half-century, had been a George the Third or a George the Fourth. Unconsciously the Canadian and Australian writers have generalized from the particular case before them, and have assumed that the Head of the Imperial Realm must be such a one as Queen Victoria was, so virtuous in private life, so careful of her subjects' rights and liberties in the conduct of public affairs.

On the Continent of Europe the influence of a few able and strong-minded sovereigns has been even more striking and beneficial than in Great Britain. England, though restless and uncomfortable in the early forties, was far

too sound politically to be in real danger of revolution, whatever contemporary pessimists might imagine. It was otherwise in the Latin, the Teutonic and the Slav countries. Sixty years ago several of the nations of Europe had to be kept from falling to pieces. And in almost every case the work would never have been accomplished but for the personal energy, the force of character and the executive ability of the monarch. When he did not possess such qualities, the enterprise was not carried out. If the great King or the good Queen did not appear, the country passed from one period of civil disorder and dissension to another. Who knows what might have happened in France itself, if Napoleon the Third had been able to shake himself free from intriguers and corrupt favorites, and had given the country a Court of which it could be legitimately proud? Or take the case of Spain. While Italy and Germany were being consolidated, while Austria was recovering from the dynamic shocks of 1848 and 1849, Spain went through a series of dramatic convulsions, tried Republicanism in several forms, was experimented upon by various ambitious soldiers and some idealists of the Castellar type, and got back again to its old dynasty after a period of unsatisfactory dalliance with another one. Only since the death of Alphonso the Twelfth has the Peninsula begun to regain political security, if indeed it has yet won it. During the years when the other Powers were undergoing the regenerating process, Spain was apparently falling to pieces. Why? It would be rash to give the reason in a sentence. But there is the undoubted fact that Spain, until recently, has been singularly unlucky in its sovereigns. During the first third of the century the Spanish Bourbons were represented by Ferdinand the Seventh, one of the most incapable members of

an incapable race. Perfidious, narrow-minded, violent and weak, Ferdinand did more mischief to Spain than Bonaparte with all his legions had ever been able to effect. He restored the Inquisition, he placed the country afresh under the heel of the clericals, and he lost the better portion of the magnificent over-sea Empire of Spain. When this unhappy despot died in 1833 the sceptre, if Spain had been fortunate, should have passed into the hands of a wise, strong and judicious ruler. But though the hour had come, the man, on this occasion, had not. Instead there were only two women, or rather one woman and a child. The disgraceful regency of Maria Christina was succeeded by the still more disgraceful reign of Ferdinand's daughter, Isabella the Second. So the disease of the body politic grew and ripened into the fevers and perturbations referred to, and has only been soothed of late years by the firm and honorable government of that excellent Austrian princess, the Queen-Regent. Had the widow of Ferdinand the Seventh ruled Spain in 1833 as Don Alphonso's widow has ruled since 1885, several *pronunciamientos* and many troubles of other kinds might have been spared that much vexed country. But Spain, half a century ago, seemed in no worse plight than Austria. It is difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the condition in which that amiable weakling, Kaiser Ferdinand the First—"le débonnaire" as he was called—had left the Empire of the Hapsburgs. Good-natured and feeble, he had abandoned the administration to a *Conferenz* or *Camarilla*, consisting of his uncle, his brother and the two reactionaries, Metternich and Kolowrat. Between them and with the active assistance of the priests and the Empress, they had made matters utterly desperate. Half the young Emperor's dominions were in revolt. The Hungarians proclaimed their in-

dependence, and vindicated it by overthrowing the Imperial armies in battle after battle. There seemed no future for the monarchy, with its jumble of races, religions and languages, except annihilation or partition, or at the best an ignominious dependence upon Russia. Yet the boy-Emperor contrived to postpone the inevitable for half a century and more. Francis Joseph has not been a very estimable personage in private life, nor has he the personal charm of many other sovereigns. But as a master of statescraft he has few equals. Silent, reserved, egotistical, with a few friends and no confidants, he has shown himself a very Odysseus, *πολύμητις*, many-wiled, much-enduring among the monarchs of the world. Somehow he has kept the loose bundle of sticks together; and if it is beyond his power, and beyond the power of any man, to solve the insoluble problem of making a nation of such a "geographical expression" as Austria, he has at any rate gone nearer to success in this labor of Sisyphus than seemed possible when the Magyar columns were on the march for Vienna. When he dies, the cataclysm, as many men expect, must come. But if so, all the more astonishing are the tact, the statesmanship, the mingled firmness and judgment, which have postponed the inevitable for over half a century. It is the personal influence of Francis Joseph, and practically nothing else, that unites the Dual Monarchy. Hungary would have long since cut the loose tie which links her to the Cisleithanian State, but for the attachment of the Magyars to their "King"—the King, be it remembered, who represents the Hapsburg dynasty against which they broke into fierce revolt in 1848. As for the Germans, and the Slavs, the Czechs, Ruthenians and Poles, their racial antipathies are as violent as ever, with the result that they have almost wrecked the Parlia-

mentary system, for which their fathers were ready to lay down their lives. Constitutional government is a notorious failure in Austria, and is worked under a perpetual succession of ministerial crises and legislative deadlocks, varied by occasional free fights on the floor of the Reichsrath. If the people endure it all with relative tranquillity, it is because the Throne is regarded as the permanent moderating element, which will somehow keep the ship of state on an even keel. No one is greatly concerned when a Premier, after a brief and wrangling Session, follows his cohort of short-lived predecessors into retirement or opposition. The Emperor-King, it is felt, is the real Prime Minister, and he can be relied upon to see that the government is carried on, and that the noisy politicians of Vienna and Pesth do not too seriously endanger the common weal. Here, assuredly, it is the King who governs as well as reigns; and under the forms of constitutionalism Kaiser Franz Joseph exercises a more genuine control over public affairs than the majority of his autocratic ancestors. The lumbering and cranky machine jolts along, kept from toppling over by that steady hand upon the levers. Who among the fiery Republicans, and the Idealist Liberals, of the Kossuth era, could have predicted that in the twentieth century Austria should still owe her salvation, not to her parliaments or her laws, but to one shrewd old man in the palace of her ancient princes?

Of Italy and of Germany something has been said already. I suppose no one will deny that the revival of both countries has been due, in great part, to their soldiers and their statesmen. Yet who can doubt that all the efforts of the heroes, the martyrs and the sages had been in vain, but that at the critical conjuncture the national movement passed into the keeping of true

patriot Sovereigns, bold and strong? Italy was made a nation, not by Garibaldi or Cavour, but by Victor Emmanuel. It was his courage, his military talents, his rough but genuine sincerity and his political capacity which brought about the great achievement. He succeeded to the Throne of Savoy in 1849 under circumstances as unfavorable as could be imagined. The Austrians, badly beaten in Hungary, had been only too successful south of the Alps. After the victory at Novara, Marshal Radetzky forced Charles Albert to abdicate, and pressed his young successor to accept peace by abolishing the Constitution granted by his father.

How the new King held out, with his simple formula, "I must keep my oath to my people;" how he did eventually obtain peace upon comparatively easy terms; how he reorganized the finances and the administration, by calling to his counsels such men as La Marmora and Cavour; how he waited, gradually accumulating his resources, till the time came, in association with France, to strike another blow at Austria; how with the aid of Garibaldi he joined the Two Sicilies to the growing kingdom; how by seizing his opportunities in '66 and '70 he drove the *Tedeschi* out of Venice, and at length planted the flag of United Italy in the Eternal City itself; these things are written in the most stirring pages of nineteenth-century history. It is impossible to read them and to deny that the "Re Galantuomo" is the real hero of the epic, the centre and inspiring figure of the whole drama. Without him Sardinia would not have become Italy, and Italy would not have become a nation. The same may be said of the first German Emperor. We may give as much credit as we please to the military talents of Moltke and the massive genius of Bismarck. Yet it is to the King that we must ascribe no small share of the praise due to their

achievements, if only because he rendered them possible. Neither the strategist nor the statesman could have obtained his opportunities, if the Throne of Prussia, at the critical period, had been occupied by another vacillating rhetorician like Frederick William the Fourth.

The smaller nations have been as much indebted to their Sovereigns as their larger rivals. Belgium was fortunate in starting life as a kingdom under a monarch so admirable as the first King Leopold, the expert in constitutionalism, who was the mentor of Queen Victoria. The little country was just a handful of provinces, snatched with difficulty from the greedy hands of the Dutch, menaced by French ambition, and disturbed by clerical squabbles. Leopold not only conserved its independence, but created a Flemish nation, and launched it safely on its way under a model Parliamentary system. Here again it is safe to say that nothing but the personal influence and great European reputation of the King could have seen the little country safely through the many troubles of its infancy and adolescence. Denmark is another striking case. For eight and thirty years that kingdom has been ruled with singular success and ability by Christian the Ninth. The old King—he was born a year before Queen Victoria—has had to pilot Denmark through some stormy seas. In the first year of his reign he had to reconcile the Danes to the failure of their heroic struggle against Austria and Prussia, and to abandon nearly half the national territory to his colossal opponents. The Danes, an enterprising and thrifty people, consoled themselves for their descent into the ranks of the very minor Powers by growing prosperous and rich. But politically, “something is rotten in the state of Denmark,” and has been for years past. The Constitution has not

been quite a success, the Radicals have shown themselves violent and unreasonable, the Conservatives reactionary and intolerant, and Parliamentary government has resolved itself into an apparently interminable dispute between the two Chambers of the Legislature. It sounds dangerous, and perhaps would be so—but there is always the King, who, as in Austria, is the reconciler and moderator, the true source and centre of political stability.

About the most remarkable case of all is that of Japan. In the reign of the present Emperor, the Island Kingdom has passed through the evolution of centuries. When he became Mikado in 1867, Japan was only just emerging from the depth of her mediæval feudalism. He is only a middle-aged man to-day, and in the intervening space the Empire has caught up with Europe, has adopted all the latest ideas of the West, and is in the very van of modern progress, so that she can almost give lessons in military organization to Germany, and in railway management to the United States. No such breathless national movement is known to history. Nor can there be any doubt that the marvellous process has been rendered possible by the firmness and judgment of the Emperor, and by the manner in which he has succeeded in gaining the confidence of his alert and vivacious subjects. Modern Japan—the Japan of the last three decades—has grown up round the Throne of the Mikados, which its present occupant and his immediate predecessor rescued from impotent subordination to the usurping Shogunate. When the history of the newest of the Great Powers comes to be written, one can hardly doubt that Mutsuhito will be counted among the great statesmen-sovereigns of the modern world. But the regeneration of Japan is scarcely more striking than the revival of Mexico during

the last twenty years. Peace, political security, internal order, financial solvency, material prosperity, a rapid industrial development, have taken the place of the civil dissensions, the corruption, the administrative muddle, which at one time seemed the normal condition of any Spanish-American State; and we can scarcely question that one, perhaps the most efficient, element in producing the salutary change, has been the character of President Diaz, who was re-elected for his sixth term of office last year. Nominally a Republic, Mexico has practically become a personal monarchy, governed with a semi-despotic, but most beneficent, authority, by a ruler who, for wisdom and capacity, has had few superiors, even among the patriot kings and queens of the nineteenth century.

Thus from the Far East to the Far West, the story is the same. The nations have owed much, some of them have owed everything to their sovereigns. Royalty, which was discredited and disliked at the beginning of the century, is almost everywhere regarded with confidence and esteem at its close. In some countries like Austria it is the bulwark against confusion and disruption. In others, the Throne is looked upon as a means of securing continuity in international policy, and as a valuable check upon the instability produced by the caprices of democracy and the violence of factions. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Balfour recently remarked, that monarchy in England is really stronger than it was half a century ago. He might have added with truth that Parliament is weaker. This is not due to royal encroachments, but because, while the Sovereigns in Great Britain and in other countries have performed their function admirably, the supreme legislative assemblies, elected by the popular vote, have accomplished theirs with constant friction and difficulty. In one Parliament

there has prevailed chronic deadlock, in another indecent violence, in a third scandalous obstruction, in a fourth a division into squabbling groups incapable of doing business or controlling administration. The contrast between the frequent inadequacy of the Parliamentary machine and the smooth effectiveness of Royalty has not escaped the peoples; and the late Queen Victoria, if she had chosen, could have made use of her prerogative to an extent which would have provoked insurrection if attempted by her predecessors. If a dispute had arisen between the Queen and any of her later Cabinets or Parliaments, I do not think there can be any doubt as to the side which would have been taken by the majority of the nation. To such heights of genuine authority has Royalty ascended in the past thirty or forty years! Will it retain its singularly fortunate and commanding position in the twentieth century? That is a question on which it is impossible to hazard an answer. Everything, or nearly everything, depends on the accident—if accident it is—of personal character. If, instead of such Sovereigns as Victoria and William the First, of Francis Joseph and Alexander the Second, of Victor Emmanuel and Leopold of Belgium, we should have a series like George the Fourth and Queen Isabella, King "Bomba," or Ferdinand the Seventh, or even a few more Royal personages no better or stronger than Frederick William of Prussia, or William the Fourth of England, the rising influence of monarchy will assuredly ebb and wane again. The speculation is all the more interesting since in several countries the sceptre has passed, or will soon pass, into new and untried hands. The Tsar, the Queen of Holland, the King of Italy, are youthful Sovereigns; when the fifty-three years' reign of Kaiser Franz Joseph ends the young Archduke Franz Ferdinand will

become Austrian Emperor; Alphonso the Thirteenth of Spain is sixteen years of age, and will presently be King in fact as well as in name; in the ordinary course of nature Count Albert of Bavaria (now aged twenty-two) must before long be King of the

Belgians; and the King of Denmark is eighty-two years old. The close of the nineteenth century, the death of Queen Victoria, mark the end of an epoch. New men and women will be left to deal with the problems of the new era.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Sidney Low.

POPE LEO XIII: A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY VICOMTE E. M. DE VOGUE.

Events, words and acts, which are now in all men's minds, have made the Vatican the centre of contemporary interest.

In the countries which are separated from Catholicism, in the atmospheres which are unresponsive to all religious faith, public opinion lies in wait for the acts of the Pope with a concentration equal to that of the flocks who look to him for spiritual direction. Nothing is more significant than the absorption to which distinguished visitors, heads of states, diplomats, publicists or agnostic thinkers, succumb the moment they arrive in Rome. Whatever may be the motive that brings them there, they all have only one wish—to see and to hear the Pope; they all go and knock first at the *portone*, at those heavy bronze gates which are shut upon the voluntary prisoner. Men of action or men of thought, those who make history and those who write it, are warned by a sure instinct that the Vatican is still one of the great workshops of history. In climbing up the interminable steps which lead to that height, to those aerial dwelling-places whence all the spectacle of the world may be embraced, the most powerful monarch skirts the edge of silent shadows, which have in spite of him the power to extend or to limit his author-

ity. If he reigns over an empire where Goethe is in every man's recollection, these shadows recall to him the words of Egmont: "Ich sehe Geister vor mir, die still und sinnend auf schwarzen Schalen das Geschick der Fürsten und vieler Tausende wägen" (I see before me dumb and pensive spirits, who weigh in black balances the destinies of princes and of peoples).

I will not stop to describe it—this magnificent frame which sets off the great man whom I would wish to paint here. It is known to every travelled Englishman. The gigantic and venerable palace of the Vatican, heavy with its burden of ages and of memories, has grown under the shadow of St. Peter like the monumental form of the Church. It sends its roots down into the tomb of the Apostle; its deep foundations, mingled with those of the Basilica, extend to the Crypt of the Fisherman. From these catacombs the buildings have risen step by step until they dominate the whole city with their topmost story, where are distributed to-day the apartments of the Sovereign Pontiff and of the Secretariat of State. A continual impulse of history seems to have carried the Pope to this height. In the evening from the depth of the interior courts his lamp may be seen shining like a

beacon. But between the successor of Peter who lives high up there, and the hidden bones from which he derives the reason of his existence, communication has never been broken. The chain of the ages stretches from its origins to this summit; it is perceptible to the eyes, and the mind discovers it on each of the steps by which one mounts upwards in this labyrinth of marble and of travertine.

The traditional rites of the Vatican ordain that the Pope who has just died should pass one night in the Sistine Chapel. Suspended in the case of Pius IX from force of circumstances, this ceremony will without doubt reappear. Let us transport ourselves in imagination to that coming night of funeral watchings, before the "Last Judgment" of the sublime Florentine. He who wore the tiara lies at full length beneath the gaze of the sibyls and the prophets, on the most august altar whence a last vision of the world could be outspread. The history of humanity, painted by Michael Angelo, surrounds him. Above him our globe is outlined in space, sadly Adam emerges at the foot of the mountain which he must climb, the symbolic scenes in which the life of the sons of Adam is summarized, cover the arches and the walls, up to Christ the Judge, who calls the multitudes out of the tombs. Piety, genius, the accumulated emotion of men of every race—everything conspires to create in the Sistine Chapel an atmosphere which enlarges and fertilizes the thoughts.

I recall him, this personage, twenty-one years ago, in this same Sistine Chapel, at the moment when the cardinals brought him there on the *sedia gestatoria*, the chosen of the conclave of 1878. I was there. Outside the Sacred College no one knew this septuagenarian, who had been imprisoned for thirty-two years in the mountains of Umbria. He passed from his bish-

opric of Perugia to the seclusion of the Vatican like a fugitive shadow among shadows; among those other aged men who celebrated his elevation with little ado, with obsolete ceremonies, in the narrow enclosure and the half light of the Sistine; timid and enfeebled under the evil of the time, they had not dared to bring forth their chosen in the basilica of St. Peter, with the concourse of the people and the accustomed pomp. The darkness of the place, the limited company, that air of effacement and almost of mystery—everything led the thoughts back to the first enthronements of the Popes in the Catacombs. A lowly beginning, foreshadowing little. Pius IX, whose life had been so eventful, left an abounding fame and a great void; the despoiled Papacy seemed to be engulfed with him. The heir without a heritage who was shown to us had a look of weakness, and his title to fame was still discussed. His coronation seemed to us a simulacrum of vanished realities, the elevation of a phantom. And these were the years when the shadow of the cross on the world was growing less. How deceptive is a hasty judgment! We took away from that ceremony the impression of a thing that was coming to an end. The early years of his pontificate, condemned to an attitude of discreet protest, did nothing to correct our mistake.

Leo XIII did not reveal himself by precipitate action, like other sovereigns one could name who have fascinated men's minds at the first blow. His lofty stature rose gradually on the horizon with the calm of great forces. Little by little his form became clearer and more precise. I found it already very clearly marked when I returned to Rome in 1886. However, it had not even then reached its true pedestal. The new Pope had been recognized as a masterly philosopher, and a diplomatist of rare versatility;

it was enough to give him a great place for his Papal letters and in the Almanackde Gotha—too little to give him the first place in the world. At this moment the Curia was the centre of very active negotiations, which recalled the fine old times of ecclesiastical policy, but which did not presage a new epoch. The dominant influences at the Vatican were obstinately pursuing a dream; they were seeking the independence necessary to the Holy See in a restoration of the ancient territorial sovereignty; they were putting their hopes in another dream, the accord with Germany, the effective intervention of Prince Bismarck. It is well known what disillusion awaited the Roman negotiators on that score.

Insensibly the axis of the Pontiff's action shifted in proportion as Leo XIII gained confidence in his own strength. His personal ideas, readjusted and ripened by experience, prevailed over Foreign Office routine; he governed alone, and relegated to the background the diplomacy of the cabinet and pure politics; it was social questions which he brought to the front. Without doubt the protest of principle against what was done in Rome in 1870 is always maintained at the Vatican, and it could not be otherwise; we shall hear the protest for a long time to come; but the prodigious success of a wider policy must have produced a fundamental change at heart. It is now known in what direction lie the great hopes of the future for the Papacy. (I express here my personal opinion, which would be officially censured at Rome. I have expressed it more than once in the last fifteen years; it is enough for me that it has never been too eagerly contradicted, and that it has been met more and more by an indulgent silence. I allow myself to look to the bottom of the heart, indiscreetly, with the freedom of a private individual; I allow myself to say: *This must*

be the case. I should not allow myself to ask of them that impossible avowal: *This is in fact the case.* I should not be astonished to receive a quite natural rebuke . . . and I should retain my opinion.)

Leo XIII understands that the basis and the true guarantee of the Holy See are in the hearts of Catholic peoples and in the involuntary respect of non-Catholics. The Pope continues to negotiate with Governments, he deals with them prudently; but the mainspring of his policy, more evident every day, is in his appeal to the peoples. Each of his acts reveals his increasing absorption in the task of conciliating the French and American democracies in order to base his action on those two wide foundations.

From the day when Leo XIII inaugurated this policy he became the first man of Europe. Since the death of William I of Germany, little by little, in the popular imagination, he took the place which that other old man had occupied. Twenty years ago no hesitation would have been permissible to a conscientious and intelligent painter, commissioned to group in a picture the leading personages of Europe. He would have set up in the centre the colossal figure of the old German Emperor. Ten years later the same painter again would not have hesitated; his composition would have arranged itself around Pope Leo XIII.

Whence comes this general consensus of imagination? First, from the incomparable prestige of that position; a king without a kingdom, yet more powerful than territorial sovereigns. Next, it comes from a proof of intellectual force, of which the very expression seems a guarantee. This old man had only made one brief appearance in the outside world—during his Nunciature at Brussels more than half a century ago. After that he lived for thirty years in the retirement of his

bishopric of Perugia, and for twenty years in the walled solitude of the Vatican; where he was surrounded by a little society unresponsive to any innovation. Of the strangers who come to him some are dumb out of awe, while the others have every interest in distorting the truth. No condition can be imagined better adapted for concealing from a man the changes of his epoch; and no epoch has seen changes more profound or more radical!

Nevertheless, this is what happened: the recluse of the Vatican, now a nonagenarian, knows, understands, directs and sometimes anticipates these changes; he is as well informed and as quick to take in at a glance, he has as free a mind and as sound a courage, as the editor of a great London or New York newspaper. We all know how many of the ablest politicians, after they attain extreme old age, shut themselves out from the knowledge of contemporary needs; their outlook remains wide and piercing all in vain; it is directed behind them, because these survivors turn their backs to the current of the stream. The exceptions are so rare in a century that they prove the rule. With Leo XIII, in the conditions which I have recalled, this phenomenon of active clairvoyance partakes of the marvellous. Believers see in it the effect of a Higher Assistance, unbelievers the sign of genius; both explanations surround his forehead with a halo of glory.

Think what decision he needed to walk deliberately in the new ways! Think of the crushing influence of his regular circle, throwing all their weight on the side of his maintaining himself in his apparently foreordained part of Head of the Church; the chaplain of a cemetery, entrusted with the duty of piously guarding the political tombs sheltered in the shadow of the sanctuary! At the age of eighty, Leo XIII came out of that cemetery and threw

himself into the world of the living, to dispute with his adversaries who thought to possess that world without any one to say them nay. He heard the word of his Master: "Let the dead bury their dead." Nothing could have stopped him. The expressions of the Holy Father's thought followed one after the other with a redoubled vigor and clearness, which is absolutely amazing when we think of his age. In the Encyclicals to the French Catholics, he attacked political problems with an equal measure of doctrinal boldness and practical moderation. He aroused among us terrible storms, and there was a moment when it might have been thought that the Pope was risking, in this dangerous course, his spiritual power over the French Church; so much trouble had he to make his intentions understood by the spirits in prison in their old conceptions, by the hearts panic-stricken in their most estimable relationships. He persevered, and he won almost all along the line. In the Encyclicals on the condition of the working-classes he did not solve the social problem—who will solve it?—but he put it more clearly than it had ever been put before, while connecting it with the deep-seated causes from which spring all the evils of humanity; and he took up his position frankly on the side of the weak.

There will probably be no immediate effects of this goodwill on the working world, which is for the most part soured, rebellious and prejudiced against every religious interference; on a world in which each individual demands a precise solution, adapted to the particular case of which he complains. The Pope can only give general directions, designed to prevent conflicts and subordinated to a reform of morals. It is, however, a great point that there is no longer mutual ignorance between the Vatican and the workshop.

There is an observation, a looking of facts in the face, and an investigation with a paternal solicitude on the one side, and on the other with a distrustful curiosity; there is sometimes a discussion in the workman's cottage—sceptical, but still a discussion. The masses know that an oracle, reputed to be infallible, is taking up the defence of their interests. Henceforth he will be less suspect in their eyes, since he has been robbed of his sovereignty and of his property; robbed of that, strange to say, at the very hour when all sovereignties were furiously attacked, when most of them were undergoing a change of nature and of origin; at the hour when the idea of private property, submitted to a careful examination, is in danger of losing some portion of its absolute character. Whether the social crisis goes from bad to worse without coming to an end, or whether it is solved by disasters, after which it will only be banished to the rubbish-heap of vain chimeras, the moment may come when a portion of the working world will bethink itself, in spite of its deeply-rooted prejudices, that there is in the Vatican a disinterested arbiter to judge its conflicts with capital, an advocate to plead its cause, an architect to aid it to reconstruct destroyed societies. And it is to Leo XIII, and to him alone, that the honor of this beneficent reconciliation will be assigned.

The Encyclicals, the canonical documents, are not the most significant demonstrations of this Pontificate; acts not less remarkable, both fundamentally and formally, have been the communications given by the Pope to newspapers, to popular journalists like those of our own *Petit Journal*. The more we reflect upon those conversations, the more we find there, in every word, the wish to enlarge, as much as the Pope can do so, the range of free movement for the societies of our time. The

Church had not used this language at all since the great days of the Middle Ages. If I have employed in this study the word "innovations," it is that I may fall in with the current point of view; in reality Leo XIII takes up to-day the traditions which were sleeping for several centuries. He follows the general movement; all the living forces of our time are aroused towards this past which comes to life again; the Pope, like the Russian and German Emperors, and the heads of the workmen's organizations like other disinterested thinkers. Those who are shocked at an "Interview with the Pope" ought first of all to ask themselves how a Hildebrand, an Innocent, a Sixtus V, would have acted to-day. Like this successor of theirs who becomes their equal, they would take the weapons of their time, they would descend into the public arena and speak directly to the peoples, to plead their cause, to gain souls, to serve humanity. Whatever has seemed daring and new in the Pope of the nineteenth century is only a return to the ideas of St. Thomas Aquinas, the mighty philosopher who gave, so far back as the thirteenth century, the same directions for the conduct of societies and of the human mind. Leo XIII sets forth their natural consequences, with the gentle obstinacy and the calm prudence which form the basis of his character.

No one will refuse the epithet of liberal to a Pope who has stretched the rigid Roman unity to the utmost possible limits every time that a particular right demanded satisfaction. This large liberalism is above all perceptible in the relation of the Pontiff with the Oriental and the American Catholics. Under the reign of Pius IX, the Oriental communities were alarmed at the centralizing movement which threatened their secular privileges, and aimed at bringing back all the members of the Church to the strict Roman observ-

ance. Leo XIII made that strictness bend. In everything that concerns liturgy, ceremonies, the employment of a national tongue and independent administration, he confirmed and extended the ancient usages of which the Oriental Christians are so jealous; the Slavs in particular were accorded all the facilities that could be desired to bring them into conformity with their traditions without breaking the tie with Rome. Every one knows how the Pope, when face to face with America, broke down around him the resistance of the Sacred College, in order to leave to the Catholics of the United States that liberty of movement which they need in the New World. No one understands better than Leo XIII the Anglo-Saxon spirit, the proud independence which is as necessary to that spirit as the air which it breathes. And in all legislation for the United States the Holy Father never missed an opportunity of showing to other Christian communities his comprehension of their conditions of life, his respect for and his charity towards them. In his Encyclicals the choice of terms is carefully calculated in order that not a single word may wound the separated brethren. Gentleness in strength—that is the dominant characteristic of this great figure. That is what one feels strongly in talking with Leo XIII. Twice of late years I had the honor of conversing with him for a long time together. I should like to set down here my impressions with perfect frankness.

When the visitor is introduced by the private chamberlain in the chamber of special audience he is first of all struck by the ascetic emaciation of this white phantom, by the transparent attenuation of this delicately sculptured face. Recalling the age of the Pontiff, he expects to find in him all its weaknesses. The Pontiff speaks, his eyes brighten, and the visitor's first

impression soon gives place to a delightful astonishment, in presence of the youthful vigor which persists in this weak frame. All his vital energies are concentrated in his voice which is so strong, and in his look which is so piercing; he is like a lamp, the flame of which continues to shine without any perceptible reservoir to feed it, or mechanism to hold it up. You have scarcely crossed the threshold of the chamber when you feel yourself put at your ease by the intelligent kindness of this look, which calls you and entreats you from the end of the room. Seated in his armchair, with both his hands firmly resting on its arms, the Holy Father signs the visitor to a chair by his side; with a simplicity which in no respect diminishes his natural dignity, he suppresses most of the formalities of the Protocol, quickly raises his visitor, who is bending at his feet, and enters immediately into conversation, like a friend happy at seeing his friend again. After some affectionate questions on the details of his guest's family, career and work, the Pope questions him eagerly on the country from which he comes, and on the movement of ideas and the condition of public affairs there. His voice grows louder and more eager; sometimes it is hard to edge in an answer, so far does that ardent speech outrun objection, and so eager is it to develop the master-thought which Leo XIII is working unceasingly to render clearer and more persuasive to each person. He speaks French easily, with a slight Italian accent; occasionally he uses neologisms strange to our tongue, but always formed by an excellent Latinist, and drawn so naturally from their Latin source that one is surprised that they are not actually French.

The information of this voluntary recluse is surprising; the foreigner does not find him at fault in a single detail of the life of his nation; the traveller

and the diplomatist recognize in his first words a mind informed about all the problems which have arisen all over our planet. Never a bitter word against his adversaries in the conversation of Leo XIII, and never a doubt of the effectiveness of his action; he has an impregnable basis of confidence and of optimism. When one respectfully observes to him that his hopes on such and such a subject will have a somewhat distant realization, he answers tranquilly that he knows it, and that he is working for the century that is to come. It is like talking with an historian rather than with a politician; to such an extent does he possess the calm gaze of the historian, the far-sighted outlook which seeks the object of vision over the mountains and over the years. And when he grows eager over questions which affect each one of us in our capacity as citizens of our respective countries, he conveys the impression of a father attentive to the interests of his family, rather than a politician who is bound to his own interests; however prejudiced one may be against the Italian acuteness, it is impossible not to surrender oneself to the frankness and sincerity of this tone, drawn literally from a father's bowels.

On going out from these audiences—I shall be allowed to give this testimony here—I endeavored to correct myself, to cross-examine myself mistrustfully; I remembered how in every country the friendly protestations of sovereigns and of their ministers had always given me an impression of feinting, which was nevertheless perfectly justifiable in the case of men who only sought for their own advantage, even when they seemed to be espousing the interests of my country. Well, I shall go to my grave with the absolute conviction that there is something different in the language which Pope Leo XIII uses to his interlocu-

tors; without doubt he has always present in his mind his burden and his duties as Roman Pontiff, the high ambitions of the head of the Church and of the dispossessed monarch; but apart from these Roman preoccupations, there is one portion of his heart in which is burning a true and disinterested sympathy for the Frenchman with whom he is speaking of the things of France; and similarly, so I am told, for the American or Englishman of whom he makes himself for the moment the fellow-citizen with an equal open-heartedness. The universal father—that is just the impression which he left on me, and which triumphed over my invincible scepticism engendered by my experience of mankind.

The most pessimistic and the most discouraged leave this old man with a soul cheered up, with a reinforcement of youth and warmth. Unforgettable is the moment when one goes out of the little chamber. The voice and the look which called the visitor at his entrance accompany him while he retires, according to custom, backwards, making the usual salutations. The words of the Pope fasten themselves on the departing guest, and if I may say so, envelop him with encouragement; while he puts his hand on the handle of the door it retains him, still supported by a gesture of those emaciated fingers stretched out to bless; the words rush forth, always the same, joyous and affectionate: "Courage! work! do good! Explain to them my thought! Come and see me again!" This vivid speech seems to persist in its pursuit of you, while you go down the hundreds of steps of the great silent staircase of the Vatican.

I shall not dilate upon the private life of Leo XIII. It is known to all by the accounts which people have given of it. Methodical and well-ordered, it is entirely expended in overwhelming toil; the audience granted to the pil-

grims who have come from every quarter of the globe; the transaction of the business of Catholicism; the drawing up of the encyclicals and of the briefs, of which his pen was so prodigal and which remain among the finished monuments of Catholic literature. The only recreations of the Pontiff are his walks in the gardens of the Vatican, his Latin studies to which he remains devotedly attached, and the composition of those Latin verses in which he excels.

During the twenty years of his Pontificate Leo XIII has accomplished a work which seemed to demand the effort of a whole century. Men will judge it as a whole, when for that indefatigable worker the hour of sleeping his last night in the Sistine Chapel shall sound, in that same place where I saw his humble and timid beginnings. No historian will deny that he had need to have a singular genius to grasp that work in its variety, in the interlocking of its parts, and in its distant consequences. The future will say whether the head of the Roman Church really understood the necessities of his time, when he directed the political and social evolution of Catholicism in a spirit of a return to the exigencies of great modern democracies. Whoever may be the successor of Leo XIII, and however different a man

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he may be supposed to be, it is difficult to conceive how the next Pope could arrest that evolution, could make the Church retrace her steps from the path laid down by the persistent determination of his predecessor.

Even among those who will criticize the thought or the political action of Leo XIII, no one will have the right to accuse the heart of the man. I have never heard it said that he ever voluntarily did an injury to any one, that he was ever hard to one of his servants. Born with an authoritative temperament, this man knew how to master it; inflexible in his ideas, he was gentle and humane in his personal relations. So great an action done in the world, without there remaining on the conscience a murder, an undeserved grief, the suffering of a weak and small individual—it is rare, almost without precedent in history. To have genius is a fine thing, to have goodness is better. Leo XIII has both. That sufficiently explains the sentiments of affection and respect with which he inspires all those who come near him, believers or unbelievers. To that I bring here my disinterested testimony; I hope that he may win the appreciation of those who will read these pages with their free and judicial English spirit.

BISMARCK AS LOVER AND HUSBAND.

Prince Herbert Bismarck has accomplished a filial duty, has given unmixed pleasure to his father's innumerable admirers, and at the same time has enriched German literature by the publication of the Iron Chancellor's love-letters to his *fiancée* and wife. It is a delightful volume, containing 506 letters and enriched by a number of excellent portraits of Bis-

marck and his wife, taken at different periods of their lives. Prince Herbert has been well advised to publish the letters without comment or explanation. Save a few footnotes the text is Bismarck's own. One remarkable gap in these letters may be noticed; not one letter appears written during the campaign against France. During that eventful six months Bismarck wrote

numerous letters to his wife, but they have been mislaid, and have not yet been discovered among the multitudinous papers left behind by the great statesman.

We must say at once that this is a most remarkable collection of letters, presenting the human and best side of a man whose character has on the whole inspired more dread than affection. Throughout there is not a trace of the man of "blood and iron," no sign that their writer was other than a loving and tender gentleman, immersed, it is true, in important concerns of state, mixing with men of the world, but retaining throughout a warm and romantic heart, and a gentleness of disposition as rare as it is beautiful. We have a whole library of Bismarck literature. We know all about his youth, his wild life at the university, his still wilder life at Kniephof and Aix-le-Chapelle and many another place. We have read much of the development of his political opinions, from the days when he was a raw and apparently not very intelligent "junker" to the days when he became the author of the most far-reaching socialist enactments of modern times. We know of the leading part he took in the creation of the new German Empire. But until these letters appeared we had little conception that behind the man of "blood and iron," the consummate diplomatist, the altogether unscrupulous intriguer, lay hidden well-springs of affection and romance which surprise us with their intensity and volume.

The first letter in this collection is addressed to Herr von Puttkamer, and is a well-worded and dignified letter asking this gentleman for the hand of his daughter Johanna. Bismarck at that time was over thirty years old, and was known in the neighborhood as a harum-scarum fellow addicted to wild company and intemperate habits,

and what was still worse in the eyes of the Puttkamer family, a man suspected of scepticism in religious matters. He read Hegel and Spinoza and many another author whose opinions were heterodox, and he made no secret of his defection from the strict tenets of the national Church. But some few weeks before he wrote to Herr von Puttkamer, the death of a friend and certain other events which he does not narrate, led him to reconsider his religious opinions, and in the letter asking for Johanna's hand he tells her father that he has cast his scepticism behind him, that he has become a man of prayer, a reader of the Holy Scriptures, and deeply regrets having held opinions which he now views with abhorrence.

Throughout these letters we have numerous examples of Bismarck's deeply religious feelings, proving how genuine the change was which he notified to his father-in-law, and it is pleasant to see how these sentiments were deepened and broadened by the influence of his pious wife. As the years went on, and Bismarck's position in the world improved, and his contact with the world increased, the religious feelings so prominent during the early years of his married life became blunted, or rather obscured, but they were never wholly eradicated, and in numerous letters to his wife we notice how fervently he asks God to protect her, his thankfulness that God has heard his prayers for her welfare, how he reads his chapter in the New Testament every evening in bed, and all this in the midst of the turmoil of exciting political events. "I read the twelfth chapter of Romans," he writes once from a watering-place on the northern coast where he was sea-bathing, "not on a balcony in the sunshine, but in my sea-grass bed, storm and rain beating against the windows. It is a chapter by which one can measure oneself,

how poor in faith one is, and how evil disposed. I might be able to feed my enemy when he is hungry, but to bless him would result in a very external sort of blessing, even were I able to bring myself to do it at all."

To English readers of this volume one of the most interesting things about it is the plentiful quotations from British poets—chiefly Byron and Moore, which Bismarck scatters over the letters written to his *fiancée*. He kept a scrap-book, into which he had copied whole pages of "Childe Harold" and "Lalla Rookh," usually passages which we would nowadays consider as rather turgid and mawkish. These he transcribed for his wife, illustrating his own emotions by the poet's words, and evidently pleased that two such remarkable persons as Byron the poet and Otto von Bismarck should be swayed by like passions. Once or twice he favors Shakespeare. In a fit of pessimism he writes:—

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player,
That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage,
And then is heard no more.

But when he feels tragic he turns generally to Byron. Once in his paternal home at Schönhausen he was sitting alone writing to his *fiancée*. There was a terrible storm raging outside, so he turned to his scrap-book and quoted:—

Most glorious night!
Thou wert not meant for slumber! let
me be
A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee.
And then identifying himself still further with the Byronic mood, he tells his Johanna that he wishes to be a sharer in the delight of such a tempestuous night. He would like to mount on horseback, to plunge from some rock or cliff into the Rhine.

Nocturnal tempests, he says, intoxicate him. All in the true corsair spirit, which must have sounded somewhat discordant in gentle Johanna's ears. One is struck at this time with the knowledge of English displayed by the young Bismarck couple. Bismarck drags English into his letter as though he wished to display how freely he could use the language. But in a lesser degree he is also addicted to peppering his pages with French, and in one letter, perhaps the most disconnected in the entire collection, there is a song of Béranger's introduced for no purpose that we can see, followed by an English series of verses beginning, "O God, whose thunder shakes the sky," and ending with the Lord's prayer in Italian.

Fräulein von Puttkamer during her engagement was most anxious that her future husband should see eye to eye with her on all theological questions. In a letter in reply to one of hers urging this, Bismarck says:—

"There are two matters in your letter which give me satisfaction. One is the expression of your indulgence and patience for my weakness and doubts in matters of faith, and the other that you will love me even though God should lead our hearts in different ways. In no connection is the proverb, "Judge not that ye be not judged," more applicable than in questions of faith. Difference of view is here, in my judgment, no hindrance in the way of earthly association, so long, of course, as none of the parties is an open scoffer or mocker. . . . As long as both have the element of a common spiritual life—I understand by this, not that both believe the same thing and are attached literally to the same confessional formularies, but that leaving all to God they pray and inquire in seriousness and humility—little else is required."

In turning over the pages of this

book one is repeatedly struck with Bismarck's intense love of nature. Natural beauty impresses him as it impresses a poet and a lover. He understands the message of the mountains to men's hearts. He revels in the dapple of sunshine and shade through long aisles of forest. He is keenly observant of the beauty of heather scattered over sandy dunes, of the gorgeous coloring of autumn leaves, of the fascinating gloom of pine woods. Writing from Berlin in 1849, in the midst of exciting events of that year, he says:—

"I sit here in my corner window two stories high and watch the sky full of pure little rosy clouds. Along the Friedrichstrasse the sky is golden and cloudless, the air moist and mild. I thought of you and Venice, and of what I should write to you."

The man who wrote these simple and charming lines was a poet at heart. We associate Bismarck with the ruthless carrying out of a stern, unbending policy. We know that even in the opening days of his political career he was a man to be feared, a persistent intriguer and plotter. And yet here we see him in his corner window transformed, dreamily watching the pink clouds of evening, thinking of Venice and of loving messages to send to his adored wife.

Writing from Schöenhausen a year afterwards he describes his garden. It is autumn.

"It is lovely weather to-day (he writes), sunshine, even warm. There are still plenty of leaves in the garden, the cherry-trees reddish, the limes yellow, the numerous wild elms in the shrubbery a tender pale yellow, the oaks still green, the acacias just as they were in June, full and dark-green. On the whole, green is the prevailing tone, and the trees are still be-leaved even though it rustles like autumn under foot."

Some of his most charmingly descrip-

tive letters are written on the numerous journeys taken in the early fifties. Writing from Buda-Pesth he tells his wife that he longs for her presence. He wishes she could see the pale silver Danube, the dark mountains silhouetted against the pale red sky, and the twinkling lights of the town. Turning from grave to gay, he declares he will soothe his excited blood with a glass of tea. He then continues—

"Last night I only got four hours' sleep. The court is fearfully early here. The young gentleman (the Emperor) rises at five o'clock, and I would be a very indifferent courtier indeed if I slept longer. So with a side-glance at the gigantic tea-urn, and a tempting plate of meat-jelly—I see there is tongue in it—I send you a good-night from these far lands. Where have I heard the song that has haunted me all day long? "Over the blue mountain, over the white sea-foam, come, thou beloved one, come to thy lonely home!" I cannot think who has sung that for me in auld lang syne. May the angels of the Lord guard thee now and always."

This Hungarian journey was thoroughly enjoyed by Bismarck. One of his brightest letters describes a carriage journey over the broad plains of that country—

"After a comfortable breakfast under an umbrageous lime, I mounted a low cart filled with sacks of straw. We were dragged by three horses. . . . As driver we had a dark-brown peasant, moustached, with a broad-brimmed hat, long shining black hair, a shirt reaching to his waist, leaving a broad space of dark-brown skin between where his shirt ended and his white trousers began. . . . There were thousands of white-brown cattle with horns as long as your arm and half-wild, shaggy, disreputable horses, watched by mounted, half-naked shepherds with long staves like lances."

Another group of letters similar in character, perhaps still better reproducing the atmosphere of the country, was sent from Russia when Bismarck represented Prussia at the Tsar's court. Here are a few sentences about Moscow—

"Viewed from above Moscow looks all green. The soldiers are green, the furniture in the houses is green, and I have not the least doubt that the eggs I am eating were laid by green hens. . . . The town is really as a town the most beautiful and most original I have ever seen. The neighborhood is charming, neither lovely nor ugly; but the outlook from the Kremlin over the houses with their green roofs, gardens, churches, towers of singular form and color, most of them green or red or bright blue, one thousand of them at least, and the setting sun's rays slanting over them, is a sight one can see nowhere else."

And just one final example of Bismarck's wonderful powers as a descriptive writer. He is visiting the Pisciayan coast at Biarritz between his two periods of residence at Paris, and uses the occasion for a trip across the frontier into Spain. From San Sebastian, the lovely little frontier town, he writes to his wife—

"The transition to Spain is remarkable. There is a steep street in Fuentarabla, twelve feet wide. Every window has a balcony and curtain, and in every balcony black eyes and mantillas, beauty and dirt. On the market there is drumming and piping going on, and some hundreds of women, old and young, are dancing the fandango, the men, smoking and draped, looking on."

Bismarck with his friends then have a bath in the sea, and after the bath they breakfasted.

"We then walked or crawled through the heat up to the citadel, and sat on a bench for a long while. Some hundreds of feet below us was the sea; be-

side us a strong battery, and a sentinel singing."

The last extract we shall give is from a letter written in Frankfurt in 1851. It is probably the most beautiful letter in the whole collection. Bismarck is seldom introspective, but in this letter he looks right into his soul, and we get strange glimpses of a character which remind us much of one of Cromwell's worthies—

"How many changes have my opinions undergone during the past fourteen years . . . how much do I look upon now as little that was then great in my eyes, and how much now worthy that was then mocked at! How many leaves will grow green within us, give shadow, rustle and wither during the next fourteen years if we still live! I cannot conceive how a thinking man who knows not God can bear to live his life, so full, as it must be, of self-contempt and weariness, a life that goes as a stream, as a sleep, as grass that will soon wither. . . . Were it my lot to live without God, without you and the children, why should I not cast off this life as I get rid of a dirty shirt? and yet most of my acquaintances are like this, and live. . . . Do not conclude from this letter that I am in the blues. I feel like one who views the yellowing leaves on a beautiful September day; I am well and hearty, but I suffer some depression, something of home-sickness, a longing for the forest, sea, meadow, for thee and the children, and all mingled with the setting sun, and a Beethoven symphony."

We need not look among these letters for political revelations, or for light on any of the complicated questions of policy in which Bismarck was engaged. If he wrote at all on such subjects to his wife, which we altogether doubt, we have no such letters in this collection. We have occasional allusions to princes and potentates, but he does not trouble to give any particulars, and

we look in vain for this shrewd observer's opinion of Tsar or Emperor or King. Nor do we altogether regret this. We prefer to hear his revelations of himself, we like to get a glimpse into the heart and conscience of this greatest man among modern statesmen, and to have the assurance that he was a man after all much like ourselves.

The Leisure Hour.

Michael A. Morrison.

SEAFARERS.

The traders that hail from the Clyde,
And the whalers that sail from Dundee,
Put forth in their season on top of the tide
To gather the grist of the sea,
To ply in the lanes of the sea.

By fairway and channel and sound,
By shoal and deep water they go,
Guessing the course by the feel of the ground,
Or chasing the drift of the floe,—
Nor'-west, in the track of the floe.

And we steer them to harbor afar,
At hazard we win them abroad,
Where the coral is furrowed by keels on the bar,
And the sea-floor is swept by the Lord,
The anchorage dredged by the Lord.

To the placid, palm-skirted bayou,
To coasts that are drear and forlorn,
We follow the courses the admirals drew
In the days when they doubled the Horn,
When Drake lost a month off the Horn.

And what of the cargo ye bring
For the venture ye bore overseas?
What of the treasure ye put forth to wring
From the chances of billow and breeze,
In spite of the billow and breeze?

Oh, we carry the keys of the earth,
And the password of Empire we bear!
Wherever the beaches held promise of worth
We 'stablished your sovereignty there,
We planted your flag over there.

And the guerdon for blood ye have shed?
The glory that haloes your name?
Oh, a grave where the dipy is dim overhead,
And the aftermath tribute of fame,
A chip from the flotsam of fame.

The Spectator.

Perceval Gibbon.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

XII.

HONOR AND DUTY.

Three or four days later Mrs. Hardy walked up the steps of the Norths' bungalow with a purposeful mien, and requested an interview with the Commissioner. Mr. Burgrave had finished his morning's work early, and his couch had been carried into the drawing-room veranda. A table was close at hand with a volume of Browning lying upon it, and there was a chair placed ready for Mabel, but she was out riding with Fitz, to whom Dick, in utter forgetfulness of the idea Georgia had confided to him, had turned her over on finding that he himself was needed elsewhere. The Commissioner groaned impatiently when Mrs. Hardy was announced. It was not to enjoy the pleasure of a talk with her that he had hurried through his work, but he consoled himself with the thought that she would not stay long. No doubt the Padri was anxious to get a harmonium, or to enlarge the church, and they wanted him to head the subscription-list.

"Excuse my getting up," he said, as he shook hands with her. "My sapient boy has put my crutch just out of reach."

If the words were intended to convey a hint, Mrs. Hardy did not choose to take it, for she sat down deliberately between the crutch and its owner. Then, without any attempt at leading up to the subject, she said, with great distinctness—

"I have come to talk to you about your policy, Mr. Burgrave."

The Commissioner stared at her in undisguised astonishment. "Pardon

me, but that is a subject I do not discuss with—with outsiders," he said.

"I only want to lay a few facts before you," pursued Mrs. Hardy, unmoved.

"No, no; excuse me. I cannot consent to discuss affairs of state with a lady."

"I mean you to listen to what I have to say, Mr. Burgrave, and I shall stay here until you do."

"I cannot run away," said Mr. Burgrave, with the best smile he could muster, and a glance at the crutch, "and when a lady is kind enough to come and talk to me, it would be rude to stop my ears. Perhaps you will be so good as to let me know your views at once, then, that your valuable time may not be wasted?"

"I should like to ask you, first of all, whether you know that your confidential report to the Government on the frontier question is common property at Dera Gull? Of course, if you choose to tell your secrets to Bahram Khan, and leave Major North in ignorance, I have no more to say."

To her great joy Mrs. Hardy perceived that she had made an impression. The Commissioner looked startled and disturbed. "Impossible!" he said. "The report has been seen by no one but my secretary and the clerks who copied it."

"It is for you to find out who is to blame. I can only tell you what is going on, as it has just been told to me. I was in my garden about an hour ago, and a woman came out from behind the bushes—a miserable footsore creature. She told me she was a slave of the Hasrat Ali Begum's—Bahram Khan's mother—who had sent her to warn the Norths that you intend to

withdraw the Nalapur subsidy, and leave Major North to face the consequences. However Bahram Khan obtained the information, he means to take advantage of it. She could not tell me what his plan is, but she seemed quite sure that it would end in a general rising, involving almost certain death to the Europeans in places like this. It was quite clear that she regarded you as a coward, running away and deliberately exposing others to danger. That is not my opinion"—Mrs. Hardy had seen the Commissioner wince—"but I thought you could not have looked at things in this light, and as soon as the poor creature was gone, I came to you at once."

"Confiding in Mrs. North, by the way, no doubt?"

"No, I came straight to you. Now, let me ask you, have you realized the results of your action? You know that Major North will resign rather than countenance what we all feel would be a breach of faith, and yet you place him in a position in which he must do one thing or the other. I don't know what Miss North will think about it, but I know what I—"

"We will leave Miss North's name out of the conversation, if you please."

"Excuse me; we can't. How do you expect her to feel towards you when you set yourself deliberately to ruin her brother? You think worse of her than I do if you believe she will marry you after such a piece of cruel, unprovoked oppression."

"Mrs. Hardy, a lady is privileged—"

"Yes, I daresay you think I am taking an outrageous liberty, but I can't and won't be silent. All your interest in the frontier depends upon a pretty, flighty girl who has no business there, and simply for the sake of showing your power you come and ride roughshod over us, whose lives are bound up in it. I know you're a proud man, Mr. Burgrave, and I don't ask you to re-

verse your policy publicly, which you would naturally object to do. But if this dreadful business has gone too far to be stopped let Major North take a month's leave, and carry it through yourself. Then the people will see that he is not responsible for the breach of faith, and he will come back and be your right hand when you most need him. What good could a stranger do when all the tribes are out? Absolute ignorance of the country is not always the qualification it was in your case, you know. I know the frontier well—we used to itinerate in the district for years before we were allowed to settle down—and I am *certain* there's trouble coming. I can see it in the looks of the people, and hear it in the way they talk. And here on the spot are the Norths, the very people to deal with a crisis, and you have done your best to undermine their influence already. Can't you stop there? What have they done that you should persecute them like this?"

"I have the highest possible respect for both Major and Mrs. North personally," said Mr. Burgrave slowly, "but personality is not politics."

"Up here it very often is. But come, Mr. Burgrave, if you don't absolutely hate the Norths why not do as I suggest?"

"I assure you that every suggestion you have made shall receive the fullest consideration," replied the Commissioner in his best Secretarial manner. "I may rely on your silence as to the matter?"

Mrs. Hardy thought she detected a relenting in his tone. "Of course you may if you are really going to do something. I am glad to find you open to conviction, if only for Miss North's sake and your own. You will have a very pretty wife, and I trust a happy one. Ah, there she is!" as the sound of horses' feet was heard, and Mabel cantering past waved her whip gaily

to the watchers, "and riding with Mr. Anstruther?"

"Is there any reason why she should not ride with Mr. Anstruther?"

"His peace of mind, that's all. But perhaps you think he deserves no mercy? I may tell you I was glad to hear of your engagement, since it saved that nice young fellow for a better woman."

"A more fortunate woman, doubtless," corrected Mr. Burgrave with majestic forbearance. "A better there cannot be."

It was with mingled feelings that Mabel mounted the steps, after Fitz had ridden away. When he had appeared with the message that Dick was detained at the office, and had sent him to take her out, her first impulse was to refuse to go, but other counsels prevailed. Fitz had offered no congratulations on her engagement, and the omission rankled in her mind. When she started she was nourishing a reckless determination to provoke a scene by asking him what he meant, but her courage oozed away very quickly. She would still have given much to discover what he thought of the whole situation, but she durst not venture upon an inquiry. He made no allusion to the important event which had occurred since their last ride, speaking of the Commissioner as readily as if she had no particular interest in him. Before they had been out long she was content to accept his ruling and conscious of a kind of horror in looking back upon the resolution with which she had started. She was on good terms with herself once more, and to such an extent did the oppressive effect of Mr. Burgrave's personality seem to be lightened at this distance, that she returned home feeling positively friendly towards him. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Hardy's disapproving glance, when she encountered her on the steps, should jar with

this new mood of cheerfulness, and that there was another shock awaiting her when she looked into the drawing-room on her way to take off her habit.

"Little girl," said her lover, holding out his hand to draw her nearer to him, "would you mind very much if I said I did not wish you to take these solitary rides with young Anstruther?"

The angry crimson leaped up into Mabel's forehead. "You have no right whatever to make such insinuations!" she cried hotly.

"Now, dearest, you mistake me. I make none—I should not dream of it. All I say is—doesn't it seem more suitable to you, yourself, that until I am able to ride with you, you should not go out except with your brother? You will do me the justice to believe that I am not jealous—I would not insult you by such a feeling—but other people will talk. Yes I am jealous—for my little girl, not of her. No one must have the chance even of passing a remark upon her."

Mabel stood playing with her whip, her face flushed and her lips pressed closely together. "He would like to make life a prison for me, with himself as jailer!" she thought, as she bent the lash to meet the handle, making no attempt to listen to Mr. Burgrave, who went on talking of the high position his wife would occupy, of the difficulties of such a station, and of the love of scandal observable in the higher circles of Indian female officialdom.

"Why, you have broken your whip!" The words reached her ears at last. "Never mind, you shall have the best in Bombay as soon as it can come up here. You see what I mean, little girl, don't you?"

"Oh yes," said Mabel drearily. "You forbid me ever to ride with any one but you, or to speak to a man under seventy."

"Mabel!" he cried, deeply hurt, "can you really misjudge me so cruelly?"

"It's not that," she said, with a sudden impulse, kneeling down beside him. "I know how fond you are of me, and I can't tell you how grateful and ashamed it makes me. But you don't understand. You want to treat me like a baby, and I am a good deal more than grown-up. Think what I have gone through since I came here, even."

"I know, I know!" he said hoarsely. "Don't speak of it, my dearest. The thought of that evening in the nullah comes upon me sometimes at night, and turns me into an abject coward. I mean to take you away where you will be safe and have no anxieties."

"Then have you never any anxieties? Because they will be mine."

"No," he said, with something of sternness, "my anxieties shall never touch my wife. I want to shake off my worries when I leave the office, and come home to find you the very embodiment of rest and peace—in a perfect house, with everything round you perfectly in keeping—sitting there in a perfect gown, long and soft and flowing, for me to feast my eyes upon."

He lingered lovingly over the contemplation of this ideal picture, to the details of which Mabel listened with a cold shudder. "My dear Eustace," she said brusquely, to hide her dismay, "please tell me how you think the house and the servants are to be kept perfect, if I do nothing but trail round and strike attitudes in a tea-gown?" She caught his wounded look and went on hastily. "And what did you mean by the invidious glance you cast at my habit? I won't have my things sniffed at."

"It's so horribly plain," pleaded the culprit.

"And why not?" demanded Mabel, touched in her tenderest point. "I'm sure it's most workmanlike."

"That's just it. Workmanlike—detestable! Why should a woman want to wear workmanlike clothes? All her

things ought to be like that gown you wore at the Gymkhana, looking as if a touch would spoil them."

"I shall remind you of this in future, you absurd man!" laughed Mabel, regaining her cheerfulness as she thought she saw a way of reaching her point; "but please understand, once for all, that I shall choose my clothes myself—and they will be suitable for various occasions, for business as well as pleasure. Your part will only be to admire, and to pay."

"And that part will be punctually performed," said Mr. Burgrave indulgently, gazing in admiration into her animated face. "I know that you will remember my foolish prejudices, and gratify them to the utmost extent of my desires, if not of my purse. That is all I ask of you—to be always beautiful."

In her bitter disappointment Mabel could almost have struck him. "Oh, you won't understand, you won't understand!" she cried. "I don't want piles of clothes, I don't want everything softened and shaded down for me. I want to be a helpmate to my husband, as Georgia is to Dick."

"Dear child, I am sorry you have returned to this subject," said Mr. Burgrave, taken aback. "I thought we had threshed it out fully long ago."

"Ah, but we can speak more freely now!" she cried. "Don't you see that I should hate to be stuck up on a pedestal for you to look at, or to be a kind of pet, for you to amuse yourself smilingly with my foolish little interests out of office hours? I want you to tell me things, and let us talk them over together, as Dick and Georgia do."

"I know they do," said Mr. Burgrave, trying to smile. "The walls are so thin that I hear them at it every evening. A prolonged growl is your brother soliloquizing, and a short interlude of higher tones is Mrs. North giving her opinion of affairs. It is a little embar-

rassing for me, knowing as I do that my doings are probably the subject of the conversation."

"Well, and if they are?" cried Mabel. "It is only because you and Dick don't understand one another that he and Georgia criticize you. Now think about this very matter of the frontier. If you would only talk to me, and tell me what you thought was the proper thing I could talk to them, and you might find that you were not so much opposed after all. Do try, please; oh do! I would give anything to bring you to an agreement."

Mr. Burgrave's brow was clouded as he looked into her eager eyes. "Am I to understand," he said, with dreadful distinctness, "that your brother and Mrs. North are trying to make use of you to extract information from me? No, I will not suspect your brother. No man would stoop to employ such an expedient, so degrading to my future wife, so affronting to myself. It is Mrs. North's doing."

Mabel, who had been listening in horrified silence, sprang to her feet at this point as if stung. "I think it will be as well for me to return you this," she said, laying upon the table the ring of "finest European make," which the Commissioner had been fain to purchase from the chief jeweler in the bazar as a makeshift until the diamond hoop for which he had sent to Bombay could arrive. "You have grossly insulted both my sister-in-law and me, and—and I never wish to speak to you again."

She had intended to sweep impressively from the room, but the angry tears that filled her eyes made her blunder against the table, and Mr. Burgrave, raising himself with a wild effort, caught her hand. "Mabel, come here," he said, and furious with herself for yielding, she obeyed. "Give me that ring, please." He restored it solemnly to its place on her finger.

"Now we are on speaking terms again. Dear little girl, forgive me. I was wrong, unpardonably wrong, but I never thought your generous little heart would lead you so far in opposing my expressed wish. I admire the impulse, my darling, but when you come to know me better, you will understand how unlikely it is that I should yield to it. Come, dear, look sunny again, or must I make a heroic attempt to go down on my knees with one leg in splints?"

"Oh, if you would only understand!" sighed Mabel. She was kneeling beside him again, occupying quite undeservedly, as she felt, the position of the suppliant. "If only I could make you see—"

"See what?" he asked, taking her face in his hands and kissing it. "I see that my little girl thinks me an old brute. Won't she believe me if I assure her on my honor that I am trying to do the best I can for her brother, and that I hope I have found a way of putting things right?"

"Have you, really?" Her bright smile was a sufficient reward. "Oh, Eustace, if it's all happily settled, I shall love you forever!"

The assurance did not seem to promise much that was new when the relative position of the parties was considered, but the unsolicited kiss bestowed upon him was very grateful to Mr. Burgrave, and he smiled kindly as he released her and bade her run away and change her habit. Mabel left the room gaily enough, but once outside a sudden wave of recollection swept over her, and she wrung her hands wildly.

"I was free—free!" she cried to herself. "Just for a moment I was free, and I let him fetch me back. Oh, what can I do? I could be quite fond of him if he would let me, but he won't. If he wasn't so good I should delight to break it off in the most insulting

way possible, but his virtues are the worst thing about him. I hate them! Is this sort of thing to go on for a whole lifetime—beating against a stone wall, and bruising my hands, and then being kissed and given a sweet and told not to cry? Mabel Louisa North, you are a silly fool, and you deserve just what you have got. I hate and despise you, and with my latest breath I shall say, Serve you right!"

"O Dick, has it come?" Georgia sprang up to meet her husband, as he entered the room with a gloomy face.

"No, but as far as I can see it is close at hand. I can't quite make it out, but Burgrave seems to have altered his plans astonishingly. Instead of travelling down to the coast at once, he is going to stay here another week and hold a *darbar* at Nalapur. I have to send word to Beltring to get the big *shamiana* put up at once in the Agency grounds, and to see that all the Sardars have notice. What does it mean?"

"He's going to see the thing through on his own account," said Georgia with conviction. "But it will make no difference to us, will it, Dick?"

"How could it? The breach of faith is the same, whether I announce it at first or merely come in afterwards to carry it out. I wish Burgrave hadn't such a mania for mysteries. Ismail Bakhsh tells me that he has been sending off official telegrams at a great rate all day, and yet, when I ventured to hint that some idea of the proposed proceedings at the *darbar* would be interesting, he turned rusty at once, and said he had not received his instructions. This system of government by thunderbolt doesn't suit me. It's enough to make a man chuck things up now, without waiting for the final blow."

"Oh, but you will stick on as long as you can? It is the only guarantee for the peace of the frontier."

"A wretchedly shaky one, then," said Dick, with an angry laugh. "Here's the Amir sending his mullah Aziz-ud-Din to say that he learns on incontestable authority that the subsidy is to be withdrawn, and imploring me to say whether I have any hand in it. The poor old fellow's faith in me is quite touching, but what could I say except that I knew nothing about it, and repeat the assurance I gave him before?"

"But what could Ashraf Ali mean by incontestable authority?"

"How can I tell? Some spy, I suppose. By the way, though, it didn't strike me. That must be what the Commissioner meant!"

"Why, what did he say?"

"He doesn't intend to stay on in this house. Now that he can be got into a cart, he thinks it better to return to his hired bungalow. I imagine I looked a bit wrathful, for he graciously explained that he had reason to believe we have spies among the servants here."

"Dick, you don't mean to say that he accused you—?"

"No, he was good enough to say that he had the best means of knowing I had nothing to do with it. But when I reminded him that all the servants, except those Mab brought with her from Bombay, have been with us for years, he intimated that he made no accusations, but official matters had got out, and he meant to stop it. No doubt it was that sweet-seller fellow, as we thought."

"Well, I think the best thing the Commissioner can do is to go. It will give Mab a little peace."

"Yes, I shouldn't say she looked exactly festive."

"How could she? She feels that she has cut herself off from us, for of course we can't discuss things before her as we used, and I don't think she finds that he makes up for it. I have great hopes."

"Now, no coming between!" said Dick, warningly, and Georgia laughed.

"I trust it won't be necessary," she said.

A week later she happened again to be sitting alone in the drawing-room, busy with the fine white work on which she expended so many hours and such loving care at this time, when Dick came in. To her astonishment he was in uniform, and laid his sword upon the table by the door as he entered.

"Why, Dick, you are not going to Nalapur with the Commissioner after all?" she cried.

"Burgrave can't go, and I've got to hold the durbar instead."

"But how—what—?"

"It seems that he had a fearful blow-up with Tighe this morning, after taking it for granted all along that he would be allowed to leave off his splints and go. Tighe absolutely howled at the idea and told him that in moving from this house to his own he had jarred the knee so badly as to throw himself back for a week, and that the splints must stay on for some time yet. Of course he can't ride in them, and to take him through the mountains in a doolie would be madness."

"I wondered at his being allowed to ride so soon," said Georgia, but I thought Dr. Tighe must have found him better than we expected. Of course I haven't seen the knee for some time lately. But did he tell you what the object of the durbar was?"

"He did. It is just what we thought it would be, Georgie."

"Nonsense!" cried Georgia sharply. "As if you would go to Nalapur in that case! Are you joking, Dick?"

His set face brought conviction reluctantly to her mind.

"You are not joking, and yet you came home and got ready, just as if

you meant to hold the durbar, and never told me!" she cried.

"I do mean to hold the durbar," said Dick. She sat stunned, and he went on. "I thought I wouldn't tell you till the last moment, because I knew how you would feel about it, and I didn't want to worry you more than could be helped."

"To worry me!" she repeated. "And yet you come and try to tease me with this absurd, impossible story? You are not going."

Dick looked her straight in the face. "But I am," he said.

"But you said you would resign first."

"I must resign afterwards, that's all. There are some things a man can't do, Georgie, and one is to desert in the face of the enemy."

"But it's wrong—dishonorable!"

"It's got to be done, and Burgrave has managed to get matters so arranged that I have to do it. I talked about resigning, and he said very huffily that he was not the person to receive my resignation, which is quite true. He anticipates danger, I can see, for he tells me that he has had information that Bahram Khan has some sort of plot on hand, and do you expect me to hang back after that?"

"I never thought you would care about what people said. If it's right to resign, do it, and let them say what they like."

"If I wasn't a soldier I would, but I have no choice."

"No choice between right and wrong?"

"Not as a soldier. It isn't my business to criticize my orders, but to execute them. Oh, I know all you are thinking. I see it perfectly well, and from your point of view you are absolutely in the right, and as an individual I agree with you, but I am not my own master."

"And your personal honor?"

"I am afraid it has got to look after itself. Don't think me a brute, Georgie. I want to be on your side, but I can't."

"Then I suppose it's no use my saying anything more?"

"I really think it would be better not. You see it would only make us both awfully uncomfortable, and do no good."

"Oh, don't!" burst from Georgia. "I can't bear to hear you talk like that. Remember your promise to Ashraf Ali. The poor old man has relied on that, and pledged himself to all the Sardars that the Government doesn't intend to forsake them. The whole honor of England is at stake. Dick, these people have learnt from you and my father to believe the word of an Englishman, and are you going to teach them to distrust it?"

"When you have quite finished—" began Dick.

"I can't, I can't! Oh, Dick, our own people, who know us and trust us! Have you the heart to forsake them? Dick, won't you listen to me? I have never urged you to do anything against your will before, but when it's a matter of right and conscience—! I know you believe you're right now, but how will you feel about it afterwards? Think of our friends betrayed, our name disgraced, through you!"

"Hang it, Georgie," cried Dick, losing his temper, "you make a fellow feel such a cur. I tell you I have got to go."

"I wish I had died six years ago at Iskandarbagh, rather than lived to hear you say that."

He turned away without another word, and took up his sword from the table where he had laid it down. It was always Georgia's privilege to buckle the sword-belt for him, and she rose mechanically, rousing herself with an effort from her stupor of dismay. He took the strap roughly out of her hands.

"No," he said, "you'd better have nothing to do with it. The blame is all mine at present, and you can keep your own conscience clear."

She sank upon a chair again and watched him miserably as he buckled on the sword and went out. On the threshold he looked back, softening a little.

"Graham has changed his mind and is not coming to the durbar. If there should be any attempt at a rising, you are to take refuge in the old fort. Tighe will come and sleep in the house these two nights if you are nervous."

"I'm not nervous," said Georgia indignantly.

"Oh, very well. After all, we shall be between you and Nalapur."

He crossed the hall to the front door, Georgia's strained nerves quivering afresh as his spurs clinked at each step. Suddenly she realized that he was gone, and that without bidding her farewell.

"Dick!" she cried faintly, "you are not going—like this?"

There was no answer, and she moved slowly to the window, supporting herself by the furniture. He was already mounted, and was giving his final directions to Ismail Bakhsh. The sight gave Georgia fresh strength, and stepping out on the veranda, she ran round the corner of the house. There was one place where he always turned and looked back as he rode out. He could not pass it unheeded even now, that spot, close to the gate of the compound, where she had so often waited for his return. As she stood grasping the veranda rail with both hands the consciousness that for the first time in their married life he was leaving her in anger swept over her like a flood.

"Oh, it will kill me!" she moaned, seizing one of the pillars to support herself, but almost immediately another thought flashed into her mind. "No, he is not angry—my dear old Dick;

he is only grieved. He durst not be kind to me, lest I should persuade him any more, and he should have to give way. God keep you, my darling!"

In the rush of happy tears that filled her eyes, the landscape was blotted out, and when she could see distinctly again, Dick had passed the gate. She could just distinguish the top of his helmet above the wall as he rode. He had gone by while she was not looking. Would it have been any comfort to her to know that he had looked back, and not seeing her had ridden on faster?

"I had to behave like a brute, or I should have given in, and she didn't see it," he said to himself remorsefully. "Of course she was right, bless her! she always is, but I couldn't do anything else."

Her pale face haunted him, and had there been time he would have turned back, but he was obliged to hurry on. As he entered the town he came upon Dr. Tighe.

"Doctor," he said, laying a hand on the little man's shoulder, "look after my wife while I am away. She's awfully cut up at my going like this."

"All right!" said the doctor, cheerfully, "and don't you be frightened about her. Mrs. North is a sensible

The Argosy.

(To be continued.)

woman, and knows better than to go and make herself ill with fretting."

"The Memsahib parted from the Sahib without kissing him!" said one of the servants wonderingly to the rest.

"What foolish talk is this?" asked Mabel's bearer scornfully. "My last Memsahib never kissed the Sahib unless he had gained her favor by a gift of jewels."

The tone implied that the subject was dismissed as beneath contempt, but the man's actions did not altogether tally with it, for after loftily waving aside the assurance of the first speaker that this Sahib and Memsahib were not as others, he retired precipitately to his own quarters. Here a lanky youth who was slumbering peacefully in the midst of a miscellaneous collection of goods, some of them belonging to Mabel, and others the bearer's own, was promptly roused by a kick.

"Hasten to Dera Gul with a message of good omen!" said the bearer, impelling his messenger firmly in the desired direction. "Nath Sahib and the doctor lady have quarrelled, and until they meet again he is without the protection of her magic."

THE FIRST OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

Und Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.—*Schiller.*

Lord Rosebery's versatile sympathies have recently bid him rehearse the last phase of the Napoleonic tragedy, and the success of his book proves that the subject has never lost its interest for either Frenchmen or Englishmen. Critics on the further side of the Chan-

nel may murmur because, though the English Government here gets a tardy meed of blame, the prisoner of St. Helena does not absolutely receive one of blind praise. Again, the English *milord* may be asked why he comes with such idle tears to mock the grave of one who is long since free among the dead. Critics among ourselves must, on the other hand, feel that this,

the latest of Napoleon's biographers, falls, or refuses, to realize the terror which the Emperor inspired to a Europe exhausted of blood and treasure by the supreme effort to conquer and sequester the man who had turned their world upside down. At the present moment we can well afford to blame Lord Bathurst and Sir Hudson Lowe. Sitting at home at ease we can discuss, as at a debating society, whether the world was the gainer or the loser by the appearance on its stage, on August 15, 1769, of Mme. Letitia Bonaparte's "little Napoleon." But at the beginning of the century it was not so. He was considered as the scourge of God. Pious old ladies looked for him in the Apocalyptic books, and were only charmed to recognize him there, if disguised as a Beast, or its Number, or as a Horn. He was the Bogle-man of English nurseries. Even the Highland crofters were fain to beat their sickles into pikes to repel his invasion, and he reigned the Mars of what the Russians still term "the War of the Forty Nations." Now, when all danger is over, when a prince of the reigning house of France has brought back his ashes to Paris, we can afford to praise that miraculous genius which summoned society, law and religion from the vasty deep into which they had been tossed by the French Revolution. Napoleon was in truth all that his enemies made him out to be; albeit that to them he was, and remained, invulnerable, until his own mistakes betrayed him. He was all that his friends called him, and more also; for the man is not yet born of woman who possesses enough sympathy, enough insight into the world's history, enough grasp of mind, enough technical knowledge and enough genius to be able to write the complete story of Napoleon I from his cradle to his grave.

But, on the other hand, the truth about Longwood can be told in one

sentence. If there was undue harshness at St. Helena, it was because there had been undue slackness at Elba, and the last—the bitter phase of the captivity—was but the outcome of the bitter-sweet episode known as the Hundred Days.

Lord Rosebery fails to affirm all this with sufficient conviction, and his book, amusing though it is, contains some slips. One of these is the assertion that the Emperor, on escaping from Elba, landed at Fréjus. That General Bonaparte once did land there, near the broken arches of the little episcopal town that retains its name of the Forum of Julius, every one knows; but that was before he was sole arbiter of the destinies of France, and long before he had summoned into the streets of Paris (1814) the armed hosts of his and her allied enemies.

Lord Rosebery, speaking of the escape, says that as it is really not a very remote event, he fancies there may be persons alive to this day who saw Napoleon return to France. The last of these persons, an old man of the name of Bello, died some six years since; but twenty-five years ago the number of eye-witnesses was pretty considerable, so that I am tempted, now that the race is quite extinct, to draw up an account of Napoleon's landing at Golfe-Jouan such as I have been able to collect it from the lips of spectators, or from their children.

If I may be permitted to reckon in biblical fashion, from the evening of the 1st of March to the morning of the 2d as being *one day*, I shall not hesitate to term that astonishing "evening" and that auspicious "morning" the "first of the Hundred Days."

Napoleon's exploit was an amazing one, and the very facility with which he accomplished it served to terrify the Powers. That they proved equal to the occasion it must be said, and if they took good care that the punish-

ment meted out after Waterloo was as preventive as it was stern, one can hardly blame them.

How was the expedition rendered possible? Passing over the carelessness of the English officer whose frigate was supposed to watch the station from Toulon to Leghorn, and who was conspicuous by his absence, we must inquire into the state of the Emperor's military chest. Lord Rosebery echoes Napoleon's complaint that the 2,000,000 livres settled on him when he went to Elba were not really paid to him. Thus, for the works of public utility, which the energetic exile began at five o'clock on the morning after his arrival (May 4, 1814), he was constantly in want of means. It ought to be possible, in Paris or in Elba, to verify the dates of the payments remitted. In Elba, the echo of gossip now avers that he had 3,000,000 francs when he left it, but, on the other hand, it is possible that the remittances were not made with great regularity; for the first reason, because he only resided there from May 3, 1814, to February 26, 1815; and for the second reason, that the Powers possibly felt, as Queen Elizabeth did, that "an ungovernable beast ought to be stinted in its provender." Talleyrand was still in Vienna, but he had been warned by Jaucourt that not only were matters in Paris in "a false and unfortunate position, but there is everything to fear from the *Man*." A popular saying also went from mouth to mouth that "the violet would return with the spring;" and because of such a menace in the spring air it might well be that the supplies of money were shortened by those most interested in preventing another crisis in France and in the civilized world, which had every reason for wishing the sword to stay in the scabbard. Yet Napoleon had no lack of money. It came to him in the first place from the Empress. Much as her relations with

Neipperg preoccupied Maria Louisa, she thought it prudent to keep the Emperor quiet by the outward and visible signs of her devotion to his cause; not being able to give him her affection, she sent him large presents of money. Then in Dauphiny, to say nothing of J. P. Didier, Napoleon had many adherents. His doctor, Emery, was a native of that province, and a friend of his, a glover of the name of Desmoulin, acted as agent for the imperial cause, and he smuggled considerable sums of money into the island, packing the notes inside the parcels of gloves which he supplied to the Emperor's household. If Napoleon was rich in friends, Elba was rich in spies, and ample reports of his sayings and doings repose to this day in the French Consulate of Leghorn, a place from which Porto Ferrajo was but fifty miles distant. This only renders it more extraordinary that from his little kingdom in the Tyrrhenian Sea he should have been able to start quite openly. The emptiness of his country house at San Martino, and of his town house, I Mulini, must have been perfectly well known—well known as the equipment of the *Inconstant* and of her convoy. On board this toy fleet of three small ships he had two mortars, four field-pieces, 400 men of the Old Guard, 400 Grenadiers, 200 Corsican Chasseurs and 100 Polish Lancers. They were unmounted, but, as French towns were to furnish horses for the saddles which they carried with them, the force might virtually be said to consist of all the three arms. As such it was but a toy army, very inferior to the cohorts of Cæsar when he crossed the Rubicon with 200,000 men, and yet in the hands of the victor of Austerlitz it sufficed to convulse the world.

I will now call the first eyewitness.

The sun of March 1 had passed the meridian when a party of English gen-

tlefolk, gone out from Nice to picnic at Antibes, noticed three brigs standing in to the shore, with the palpable intention of dropping anchor in Golfe-Jouan.

The late Right Honorable Henry Baille (of Redcastle) has told me how well he remembered the day when he was taken by his parents on that party of pleasure, and remembered also the discussion among his elders and betters as to what manner of craft these might be, and what their errand. Curiosity became the more lively when, on examining the brigs with a field-glass, no passengers or crew could be observed moving on board. The truth was that the troops had been ordered to lie flat on the decks, and to remain so till the vessels touched shore. It was a pirate's trick, but it succeeded; so with only a few fishermen and charcoal burners to stare at them the invaders landed. No sooner landed than they began to disperse. Emery started off alone and on foot, hoping in this way to steal unperceived through the woods from Vallauris up to Grasse, and thence, by short cuts through the defiles of the Basses-Alpes, to reach Grenoble before the Emperor could do so. His errand there would be to turn out Labédoyère and the garrison, and to summon old soldiers and adherents to follow the eagles to Paris.

An officer with a captain's guard went to Antibes to sound the sentiments of its commandant, and if possible to engage the 106th Regiment not to divulge the Emperor's escape to the prefect of the district, the Comte de

Bouthillier. The position taken up by Antibes was that of strict neutrality. The invaders found the gates locked, and inferred from that fact their advent was not quite unexpected. A man of the name of Bello, working near Antibes, having noticed the ships, went straightway into the town to learn something more about them. He also found the gates locked, and was told that the officers had gone to a picnic, and that Napoleon had landed from Elba. This last piece of information was given him by an old soldier who had served with General Miollis¹ in Egypt, and the two men walked back to the beach, to see as much as they could of the Emperor. They soon came on him walking up and down on the strand, with his hands behind his back. He looked sharply at them, and detecting an old soldier, he said, "Vous êtes militaire; vous ferez mieux de me suivre." The man hesitated and said that before enrolling himself he would have to consult with his mother. The Emperor snorted crossly, "Allez-vous-en!" and took no further notice of the loungers, who remained to look at the Polish Lancers, and at several of the officers whom the old *moustache* knew by sight and by name.

Cambronne had in the meantime gone on towards Cannes, and the Emperor, who meant to allow him two hours' start to procure rations, sat down to rest.

My third witness now comes on the scene. This time it is a young lady, Mlle. Sicard of Vallauris,² who, going down to the shore that afternoon, was

¹ The General's brother, Monsigneur Miollis was the original of Victor Hugo's pure and large-hearted Bishop Blenvenn. The portrait is, of course, slightly caricatured, but it is quite true that Monsigneur Miollis rescued from want and crime a miserable convict. The man was sent to serve in Egypt, and when Napoleon passed through Digne he re-enlisted, but only to fall at Waterloo. As the good Bishop had owed his appointment to Napoleon, he assisted him at Digne; rations and recruits

were found, as well as a printing press, and the white horse on which the Emperor presented himself to the army at Grenoble. The Bishop's chaplain, the Chanoine Audibert (who died at Grasse about fifteen years ago), remembered the Emperor and the story of the real "Jean Valjean."

² Mlle. Sicard married M. Hibert, the owner of the towers of Cannes, and was the mother of its present amiable mayor, M. Jean Hibert.

amazed to find the beach crowded, and to recognize Napoleon. The Emperor sat under an olive-tree with a big map spread over his knees. The garden of olives which he selected exists to this day, having, by some miracle, escaped alike the plans of the builder and the vicissitudes of public feeling. Not so the little monumental pyramid built shortly after the landing to mark the spot. Its erection was the cause of many heartburnings between M. Poulle of Cannes and the officers of the 106th Regiment on the imperialist side, and M. Tourre, mayor of Antibes, on the other. After the Hundred Days that mayor had the pleasure of removing the landmark, and also of knowing that his brother official of Cannes was disowned by many neighbors, not only because he had befriended the Emperor on March 1, and erected this offending pyramid, but because he had voted for the eternal exclusion from sovereignty of the House of Bourbon.³

The arrival of Cambronne in Cannes was a bolt out of the blue. Le Nain Jaune was, indeed, able to mystify its Parisian readers by hinting that news written "*avec une plume de cane*" might compel attention; but that only came out on March 5, and was evidently the work of some one who was in the secret. No one in Cannes was so on March 1.

The town then consisted of the towers on the Mont Chevalier, of the Hospital (dedicated to St. Roch after the great plague of 1580), of the steep streets of the Suquet, of the poor hamlet of the Poussiat, of the fishing quarter, and of one long, dark and very narrow street, which, as the main artery of the place, was called the Grande Rue. Between it and the shore struggled the Cours, planted with big elm-

trees. It had a *mairie*, the shop of the chemist, whose daughter Masséna had wooed, a vista of boats beached on the sands, with a few feluccas alongside of the quay, and, in the nearer foreground, the public school. One of the boys who sat on its benches that day was my fourth witness—the late M. Sardou, father of M. Victorien Sardou, and a proprietor at Cannet.⁴ All school-boys suffer from what Falstaff called "a malady of not marking," and it was therefore natural that Master Sardou should have had pleasure in looking out of the window during a lesson in arithmetic, and be further delighted to behold on the Cours, Cambronne and two hundred Grenadiers with their strange headgear. It was also natural that he should confide his observations to his next neighbors; that they in their turn should allow others to participate in their curiosity—with this result, that when the schoolmaster who had been working a sum in compound division on the blackboard, turned round the classroom was empty, and Cambronne surrounded by an admiring crowd of youngsters. He had come to ask for 600 rations, for horses, and for a printing press, very few of which things were procurable in Cannes, although the mayor was personally friendly to the Emperor.

For my fifth witness, the *adjoint* of Cannes, there was a rude surprise in store that day. He had not, like the commandant of Antibes, sought the neighborhood of grove and field from motives of prudence. He had only gone up the Grasse road to his *campagne*, to see after the pruning of his rose-fields, and to watch the promise of unfalling spring in his flowering almond-trees. On his way back into the town he met a *sergent de ville*, wear-

³ During the reign of Napoleon III a little column was erected to commemorate the landing.

⁴ It was in the villa Sardou that Rachel died,

but not till after she had received a visit there from a former adorer. He was a man of such exalted station that in the veins of their son runs the blood of the Bonapartes of Ajaccio,

ing the tricolor cockade where the white cockade of the Bourbons ought to have been. M. Reybaud noticed it, but, concluding that the man must be drunk, did not stop to reprimand him. But a little further he met another tricolor badge, and yet another; and lo! on the shore, to the left of the Cours, a crowd of armed men and some field-pieces. Their muzzles pointed down the Fréjus road. What a complication! Napoleon was come, and was about to march on Toulon!

A further complication presented itself about that hour. Shortly after Napoleon had bivouacked in person on the beach the Prince of Monaco drove in, coming from Draguignan and the forest of the Esterels, and a dispute about post-horses was soon in progress. The Emperor had caused all horses to be requisitioned for his guns, yet the Prince of Monaco's courier had already bespoken what was required to take his master on to Nice. The high contending powers met on the beach. "Où allez-vous?" said Napoleon gruffly. "Chez moi," was the curt reply of the ruler of the smallest kingdom in the world. "Et moi aussi," said the Emperor, and walked away. On this occasion, and in spite of the difference between Paris and "*Monaco in sul scoglio*," the honors of war must be said to have remained with the Monegasque sovereign. He it was who secured the post-horses, and, driving fast into Nice, he only called a halt in the Place St. Dominique. From thence such tidings quickly spread into the city as explained the appearance of the three brigs that had rounded the headland of Antibes that day. The late excellent Abbé Montolivo³ told me that he stood as a little lad beside the Prince's carriage, near the big posting stables, and he may be allowed to be the sixth

eyewitness to the events of the first of the Hundred Days.

In the meantime night had fallen. In the Emperor's bivouac great watch fires burnt. The night was clear, but exceedingly cold, yet the Cannols slept but little. Master Sardou, among others, was still awake, and he had as a companion M. Barbe (my seventh eyewitness), as eager as himself to gaze on the great man. Cambronne and Drouot were absent; they had ridden on into Grasse to continue their requisitions. But the army looked formidable enough to the two lads, and what fascinated them was to see the military chest placed to leeward of the fires, and the Emperor seated on it. He wore his overcoat, was moody and taciturn. His chin rested on his breast, and every now and again he would give an impatient kick with his foot to some blazing fragment that rolled in his direction. His moodiness, perhaps, arose from his sensitiveness to the fact of not being popular in the South of France. On his way to Elba he had been haunted by the idea of being murdered by a populace which might not have forgotten either the monarchical rising of 1812 or its stern repression. His fears, if he had any, were justified that night in Cannes, for about midnight a butcher of the name of Bertrand (precisely one who had suffered in 1812), stole out with his gun under cover of the darkness, and was detected taking aim at the Emperor's head. The pale, beautiful, clear-cut face stood out distinctly in the firelight, and in another moment the world might have been rid of the flat-haired Corsican. Bertrand was caught in time, as M. Barbe saw him resting his gun on a reed fence. Had he fired Napoleon would have met an ignoble death, not in the hurtle of bat-

³ The Abbé Montolivo, the well-known botanist and town librarian of Nice, had his bastide under the crape of Eza. It was the rendezvous

of all that was witty and most pleasant on the coast.

tle or with his marshals round him, but shot like a bandit in the *maquis*. Yet, to all true Corsicans, Bertrand's must ever appear an easily explicable crime, for had he not lost a brother for a political offence two years before? and what did he premeditate on the night of March 1, 1815, but a genuine *vendetta*?

Let us now return to M. Reybaud. Though till the last moment the guns had persistently pointed down the Fréjus road, Napoleon, having no intention of going to Toulon, exacted from M. Pouille, the mayor, a promise that his movement into the Basses-Alps should be kept secret for thirty-six hours. This the chief magistrate consented to do, and did so faithfully that the Comte de Bouthillier, on sending troops to watch all the defiles of the Esterels, met with nothing more interesting than some of the cutpurses of the forest. M. Reybaud, who was a royalist, could not court sleep while those camp-fires burned, and he waited at the corner of the Grasse road to see the last of the troops, and of this leader of what might so well turn out to be a forlorn hope. "Où est la route de Grasse?" asked the Emperor as he came up with him. "Sire, vous y êtes," was the reply. "Quelle heure avez-vous?" was the next question; and when M. Reybaud said "Deux heures," Napoleon put his hand into his breast-pocket, pulled out his watch, and after trying to read it by the starlight he repeated "Deux heures!" and then, giving a twitch to his bridle, he disappeared without a word of leave-taking. What he did leave behind in Cannes was a distracted municipality, divided by the extraordinary events of the last twelve hours. Its members had also to give to the prefect, M. de Bouthillier, such an account of their conduct as their fears or their ingenuity might suggest, and the debates and disputes that were born of this requisitioning visit of Na-

poleon's continued to agitate the coast even after the year 1816 had begun.

The Emperor placed the military chest in the centre of his little force, of which the Corsican Chasseurs formed the rearguard. The Polish Lancers were harnessed to the guns, and thus marshalled they marched out of the town, and under a pine wood, of which only a few vestiges now remain on the Grasse road. General Bertrand, of whom Napoleon used to say that he was the best engineer officer of the French army, and who was shortly to follow his master to St. Helena, rode at his side. The thick March dust muffled the sound of their feet, and thus silently, under the fast-hurrying stars, rode the man whom M. de Boufflers used to call "the nightmare of the world." He was going to put it to the touch to win or venture all.

They reached Grasse with the dawn, but, warned by the episode of the butcher, they avoided its narrow streets, and struck away to the left, to a spot about an hour's march out of the town, where a pitch had been chosen for him. It is within sight of the castle of Cabris, which belonged to Mirabeau's eccentric sister, and three tall cypresses still mark the place where the Emperor halted for breakfast. I must now call my seventh, eighth and ninth witnesses. They are M. Isnard of Grasse, brother of the Conventionist, whose son preserves his account of the occurrence, a M. Vidal, and M. Pérolle. I relate what I have gathered from the three accounts.*

The morning was lovely. Every trace of the moody, preoccupied temper of last night had vanished from the imperial face. Napoleon was placed on a sort of throne made of saddles and haversacks, and he breakfasted with

* M. Vidal's grandson, the Abbé Camatte, can remember his description of the breakfast, and the son of M. Pérolle still lives in Grasse.

gusto and with gaily. He stood up, stretched out his hands; "Le beau pays!" he exclaimed, and then went on to say that, even if Grenoble and Paris did not receive him well, he should be quite happy if permitted to spend his remaining years *here*; and "to die here," he added, "for there to the right lies Toulon, where my early laurels were reaped, and there lies Corsica, the country of my mother, the land where I first saw the light." Of these hill-sides he might also have said that they were associated with his earliest love affairs. Not many miles to the right of Grasse is St.-Césaire, and when Napoleon and his mother dwelt in Antibes, Ricord and the younger Robespierre lived in St.-Césaire. They were intimates, and the bridle-path is still shown, and the short avenue of planes, up which the young Bonaparte used to ride. In St.-Césaire one can not only see them, but also visit the rooms with the still shabby Empire furniture, where he used to breakfast and to make love to Madame Ricord.

Madame Letitia used to say of her favorite son that he possessed just enough heart to wish that he had one, and this March morning must have been one of the rare occasions when his feelings predominated for a time over his passion for power. Of this day the Emperor remarked not long before his death, that it had been among the happiest in his life. It must have owed a good deal to the magic of the landscape, and to the sense of spring in the exhilarating air, for materially Grasse had not done much more for him than Cannes. In so far as it was a richer and more populous place it had been better able to furnish rations; but the troops did not move, there were no horses, and the proclamations had still, as at Elba, to be written by hand. From General Gazan the Emperor had hoped great things, only to be disappointed. Gazan

had served with him in Egypt, but here, as at Antibes, caution got the better of personal feelings. The house is still shown at Grasse where Drouot and Cambronne rang. The bell was only answered by the General's wife. She was a Swiss, and she had no enthusiasms; she had nothing but an accent when she vowed that "*le Shénérail*" was not in town.

The lack of horses now prompted Napoleon to take two determinations. The first was to resolve that at the next halt they should make (where a *mairie* was to be found) he would procure two blank passports, and so facilitate his own escape and Cambronne's through the passes into Italy. This in case of a reverse.* The other determination was to abandon the guns. Any one who is conversant with the long zigzags and the craggy defiles of limestone that lay before the regiments will understand the joy of the Polish Lancers to be allowed to leave as derelects the field-pieces which they must otherwise have dragged through the Basses-Alps into the basin of the Isère. Great natural obstacles lay before them; for, though Napoleon had indeed returned with the violets, and though all the ledges from Cannes to Grasse were full of the flowers that risk the winds of March, the *clus*, and the *coumbes* and the *cols* of these terrible mountains were full of snow and of leaping torrents, and the way to Grenoble was as long as it was cold. The guns were accordingly left to their fate, and the expedition reduced to one arm only.

In these dispositions and in this array it reached St. Vallier, twenty-four hours since it had landed on the soil of France. The day was done, and the darkness fell before they entered the pass of Séranon. Napoleon slept that night under the roof of Madame de Villeneuve-Mouans; but France was

* He did so at the Mairie of Castellane, on the Verdon.

awake. Masséna had signalled the news to Lyons; the general there forwarded the message to Chappe in Paris,

Longman's Magazine.

and it was read by Louis XVIII at 1 P.M., on March 5.

C. L. H. Dempster.

THE LAMB.

"Twixt the saddle and the ground,
Mercy sought and mercy found.

He was a "rough 'un." No one knew where he came from, except that he was English. He lived by himself in the wayside store on the edge of the veldt, as you went up north from the river. His real name had been lost long ago, even to tradition, and men who knew him at all only knew him as the Lamb—a name that, once given, had stuck to him because of its manifest incongruity.

It was an odd place for a store, where the broken ground near the river changed into the apparent smoothness of the rolling veldt, where the birds of the field and the water, or the shy springbok and the little furry mienkat seemed the only inhabitants. The rough wheel-track, scored by occasional bullock-wagons, emphasized the loneliness of the scene; for where a road is, there travellers are usually to be found, but here they were few, or, for days at a time, none. No one knew, or cared, how the Lamb filled his empty days, or whether his worldly goods grew or lessened, though obviously a store on a track so unfrequented could hardly have been a lucrative possession. As a matter of fact, he hunted for his meat like Esau; like Esau, also, no doubt, when the fates were unpropitious, he went without. A little mealee patch lay beyond the house, and lower down among the trees which bordered the river was a good-sized

tank with a creaking water-wheel after the pattern of Egypt. The few who passed by knew not, nor cared, but the water-wheel represented a page of ancient history.

It was many years now since the Lamb had enlisted in order to get out of a scrape of more than ordinary severity. It was less time by a few months since he had had that first taste of the fighting, when he and the half-dozen others were cut off from the rest in the quick Egyptian twilight. The doom of the half-dozen was swift and terrible! almost by a miracle the Lamb escaped, slipping away panic-stricken into the gathering darkness. Paralyzed by his first close grip with death, his one idea was to flee, and fate—who shall say whether merciful or pitiless?—stood, at any rate, apparently his friend. And so he came to a new country, and built for his convenience one of the water-wheels of Egypt.

He was not given to thinking much of his past, this man whose life was all behind him. It was too ever-present, too haunting to be definitely thought about. He did not think, he *knew* with a sort of heavy inevitable certainty that his desertion was the one totally irrevocable evil of his life. It stood out above all earlier and later lawlessness, as the thing that made him despicable in his own eyes, and he could not away with it. He had cast off home and kindred, nay, even name, and had wandered deeper and ever deeper into the country of his adoption.

At last, as aimlessly as he had wandered from place to place, he struck root into the lone spot which had become his home. But little news reached him there; only now and then did a whisper from the outside world pierce his solitude; only once since he came had his eyes lighted on a fellow-countryman. Perhaps deep down within his soul, beneath the crusts of outward stolidity and self-contempt, there was growing up all unsuspected, a longing for home; it needed, maybe, but a small thing to give to it point and consciousness and force—who shall say?

And, after all, the thing when it came was not small.

News does travel, however slowly, even on the veldt; a passing horseman dropped it, as a bird drops a seed in its flight, at the lonely riverside store. The Lamb turned as he sat on the bench beneath the window to look after the retreating figure.

"War!" he muttered, "war!" And his thoughts went back to the months so long ago when he had been a soldier of the Queen, and he swore softly to himself, remembering what war had meant for him. Yet when the rider had clattered down the road and was lost to sight among the trees and boulders of the river's edge, the Lamb did not return to his half-sleeping posture. And down in the depths of his heart, where the love of home had smouldered in secret, there sprang up a feeble, flickering flame.

As the weeks went by, one man and another threw him, in passing, a scrap of news, true or not as the case might be. Week by week, noticeably now and steadily, his patriotism took stronger possession and burnt as a fiercer fire. He longed, almost with the longing that hurts, for the sight of an English face, and, still more, for the bygone feeling of comradeship. But there is a great step between a heart's wish and the first move towards its

attainment; sometimes the greatness of longing makes a man hesitate to risk the blessed uncertainty of hope, sometimes habit has given roots to his body when his spirit would fain be roaming. From whatever cause, time was passing, and the Lamb had made no move.

One day at noon as he sat beneath a window cleaning his rifle, brooding upon the remorse and longing that possessed him, and growing by quick degrees nearer to the crisis of action, he heard the sound of horse-hoofs down among the stones of the river spruit. There were several horses, he noted mechanically, and the splash and clatter told him that their masters were riding against time. He raised his head and stayed his polishing to see them come cantering up the slope. One, he counted, two, three, and then a little group of ten or a dozen. He could scarcely restrain a cry as he looked; they told him without words more truth than he had heard for weeks—they were fugitives. Armed they were, still, but their mien was dogged and depressed; they might fight again, but their next battle would be in self-defence—so much, with a soldier's eye, the Lamb saw at once. The ponies were fairly fresh as yet, and the party, bent on quick safety, rode by in silence. The last of them—he was the youngest—fell behind a little up the hill. As he passed the door there was a sharp snap; his saddle-girth had broken, and he dismounted with an oath:

"Hang it!" he said; "just as it was wanted to hold out," adding hastily, "here, lend us a hand at the mending."

"It's a long time since I've seen any burghers from yonder," said the Lamb slowly, as he came out of the house with his tools, pointing his thumb over the river. "They've mostly ridden from the north these two months," he mumbled, as he bent his head over his mending work.

"Well, we're going back now," said

the other bitterly. "The English, curse them! have cut in behind us."

"How goes the war?" said the Lamb, raising his head suddenly, and looking the boy straight in the eyes.

"The—th—*they* are in Bloemfontein," he stammered, taken by surprise, as though the truth, too bitter for his tongue, were forced from him.

"Oh-h!" said the Lamb quickly, and it would be hard to tell the many meanings that the one word half-revealed. The young burgher caught some of them, at least, for he flushed angrily and would have spoken. But the elder man pressed a hand upon his arm.

"Sh!" he said, "the mending is done, you had better go."

He pointed, as he spoke across the veldt. The lad's companions had struck away from the track over the open ground; they had passed out of sight now behind a fold of hill, but close to the road where the land was damp from the last week's rain the trail of their ponies had drawn a brownish smudge over the springing green. The storekeeper was right, he had better go, and he swung himself into the saddle again, too sore almost in his country's defeat to fling a word of thanks to the man who had helped him to safety. Then he, too, disappeared, and the Lamb was alone.

He turned back to his work, but the cleaning did not get on so fast now. He knew that he should go, he was drawn as if by cords, yet he shrank inexplicably from the final resolution. He stopped his polishing and leant his chin upon his hand; he looked out across the river, apparently noting each detail of its every twist and turn, and how it flashed into sight and out again, and anon buried itself deep among the trees. Suddenly, a new idea struck him: if the English were in Bloemfontein then the flag would be flying there; if England owned Bloemfontein, her

rule reached his lonely store. So it were not so great a matter, perhaps, whether he were here or there. "Great matters" had dropped out of his life long ago, and it cheered him to think that this was but a small thing after all. At last his courage was enough; he rose and laid down the rifle, finished now, and went to seek his pony. After a minute or two he returned, leading it by the halter, and tied the fraying end of rope to the door-post ring. There was not much to prepare for his start; only food for a day or two from resources indoors, and ammunition for the rifle which he had left on the bench at the far side of the house, and one or two odds and ends to collect, and maybe the door to lock. But a queer fancy took him at the last minute, and he lifted the latch and re-crossed the threshold. It might delay his journey for a while, yet he would do it; there was no one to miss him if he was an hour late.

His thoughts were turning always to the flag which flew in Bloemfontein, and he would like it to be found upon the store also when he was gone.

"We may be next," he said to himself, seeing in his mind's eye the red-coats, as he had known them, plunge splashing into the river and out upon the hither side; "we may be next, and I should like it to be there."

So he left the pony saddled and bridled by the door, and went to begin his search. He knew well enough that the house could boast no Union Jack among its possessions, but simple invention comes naturally to one who has dwelt long on the veldt, and he learns to make what he has not got. It puzzled him a bit at first, though, for with the best will in the world he could not remember exactly how to space his colors. Then a lucky chance brought him across the flag blazoned as trademark upon some box of soap or candles, and he had a working model.

The material was easier; a spare sheet, coarse but fairly white, sufficed for the field, and, carefully economized, two red silk handkerchiefs would cut into the crosses of S. Patrick and S. George. He hesitated a moment before he took these from their box; they had belonged to the only Englishman whom he had seen since he settled at the store—a youngish man, new to the country, stricken down with the country's fever, who had died before host and guest could count themselves friends of a fortnight. There was no one to claim the "things," yet the Lamb paused even now before he laid a hand on the dead man's possessions. For himself, more than likely, he would not have done it, but surely the dead, had he known, would have made common cause for England's honor. Otherwise, the inventor was pleased that his flag should show so rich a stuff.

"It needs it," he thought a little bitterly, as he looked down upon the dingy sheeting and the blue sugar paper laid out upon the floor. Search as he might in the time at his disposal, he could not find another blue, so this must serve; at least it was his best.

"It's pretty tough," he mused, "maybe it will hold on till they come along."

Another half-hour and the work was done. The Lamb clambered out through the skylight that served as window for the inner room, and sitting astride the low-pitched iron roof, bound his handiwork to the pipe, also of iron, that was his only apology for a chimney. He finished with a sigh of relief; he was ready now for the journey. He waited a moment, looking out towards the southern horizon—he had been too much absorbed in the work to raise his eyes before—and it might be that "we" were coming even now.

Meanwhile, all unperceived by him, horsemen had ridden up from that same southern horizon, and were already lost to view among the trees and

thick-strewn boulders of the river bank. Once more the sound of horse-hoofs struck his ear, plunging as he had pictured, into the river-bed, splashing, clattering, as they crossed, padding through the softer ground of the near bank. He held his breath and his heart beat fast as he leaned forward with parted lips. They had come.

When the first of the riders emerged from the trees, the Lamb tightened his grasp upon the roof-ridge. His face went white as he looked, for the man was Burgher and not Britisher. A spasm of the old panic passed over him and for a second he quailed visibly. With a great effort he pulled himself together, setting his teeth as he said fiercely:

"Damn it; not again."

And he glanced at his flag hanging lazily in the mid-day heat; and a little gust of wind took it and unfurled it and played with it, till it seemed like a thing alive; and a wave of long-forgotten joy surged up in the Lamb's breast at the sight which brought only anger to his country's foes. Then he slipped in again through the skylight and went to meet whatever Fate might have in store.

There was no time to fetch his rifle; as he reached the door a score of Burghers came into sight cantering up the roadway. Their mien, also, was that of beaten men, but they were hurrying less, for their fear had had time to cool for lack of pursuers. By the instinct which bids a man meet his foe on equal terms, foot to foot or horse to horse, the Lamb slipped the running knot which tied his pony's head, and threw himself into the saddle; then he backed till the pony's haunches touched the post of the open door; the two would block the way as long as might be. He drew his revolver from his belt—it was the only weapon left him now—and sat ready. A word or two from the Burghers floated up to

him as he waited, distinguished from the low, inarticulate growl of angry voices. For they had halted at sight of the solitary figure, guarding the store which floated the flag of England. They were fearful of some trap, and held a hurried council of war, but one of them had ridden that way before and remembered him of the place and its keeper.

"It is only the lone man," he advised his chief; "there will be no one else."

"See," added another, "he has no rifle; it lies yonder on the bench."

So they moved on again for a few yards into easier earshot, and the Lamb still awaited them in silence; it was not for him to cast the glove.

"What means this flag?" shouted the Commandant angrily. "This is the Free State and should fly the *vier kleur*."

"I have been told," answered the Lamb slowly, and for the life of him and for all the danger he was in, he could not help the cutting triumph which sounded through his words, "I have been told that the *vier kleur* flies no longer in Bloemfontein, so I do not fly it here."

"That is a — He!" returned the other.

"Yes?" said the Englishman coldly, "that is as may be." And he thought of the lad who had been surprised into speaking truth, and knew which was the surer guide.

"Thou shalt take it down, or pay," threatened the Commandant, "there is but little time for dispute," and he glanced quickly over his shoulder as he spoke "It may come to paying," answered the other. His voice was steady, and none save himself knew how his heart beat at his own words. Just now that odd power had come to him of judging himself like an outsider even in the midst of action, and he wondered at the fear and courage that fought within him. Yet he knew all

the time that the old choice was before him once more, and he feared most to fall again.

"I give you five minutes," said the Commandant, after a moment's silence. "Strike it or we fire." And he signed to a sharpshooter in the little troupe to make ready. One was enough at the distance—fifty yards or so—and they would risk what danger there might be from the revolver. He was not a bloodthirsty man, this Commandant, and he hoped that a show of force would bring the stubborn-looking Englishman to submission; but all the same he could not leave the flag of England flying in his wake, nor would it in his eyes have been right to endanger the lives of his own men in an attempt to take prisoner a determined and reckless foe. He took out his watch and held it in his hand; the sharp-shooter unslung his rifle and waited, but the Lamb made no sign. All fear had left him now, and his whole will was bent on taking this last chance; he dared not let it slip, for it was his last. He seemed to himself some sentinel, and his life or death to hang upon the guarding of his post, and he learnt now at the eleventh hour, albeit unconsciously, the lesson that his life had been spoilt by spurning—that only he who loses life shall find it.

It was a striking scene to any who had been there to look; the store set on the edge between veldt and river—a poor enough place for the background, and hardly worth defending, one would think, had its treasures been greater than they were—its doorway blocked by the spare, upright, solitary figure in the saddle. He was handsome, too, in a rough way, that incongruously-named storekeeper, his features were straight and well-formed, and now that his will was set beyond all changing, the eyes had lost their uncertain, shifty look. Just for this moment he was living beyond himself,

and his face showed some faint traces of the might-have-been. As for his mouth, it was hidden beneath a bushy moustache and beard, and because character sets a more unyielding stamp there than elsewhere, the eyes were the surer index for the moment. Over against him, fifty yards away were the Burghers; they had dismounted to make use of the short rest for their ponies, and stood at ease, with a wary eye on the Englishman, and a glance now and again to the south, dropping a word or two to one another as they waited. But the Commandant stood alone with his eye upon the minutes, and the sharp-shooter leant on his unslung rifle.

"One minute gone," said the Commandant suddenly.

The Lamb pulled himself together; surely men did not feel like *this* before they died. He tried to think, but the only thing that would force itself upon his mind just now was the absurdity of the situation. He who had cherished life instead of honor, to be facing death now of deliberate choice rather than haul down the flag up yonder—not such a sacred thing, after all, seeing that, less than an hour past, it had been but sheet and handkerchief and paper.

"A man's life for a rag!" he thought, as he poured scorn upon that of which he had been so proud. Yet none the less, he knew that "the rag" would claim the life of many men, and his amongst them.

"Two minutes," said the Commandant.

With a mighty effort the Lamb turned his thoughts into another channel. What did men think about when they stood, as he did, on the brink of the Great Dark? He did not know, but their past, he had been told, was rolled out before them as a scroll. It was not so with him. If there were anything scroll-like about his life, it

was a parchment that had been shrivelled in the fire—shrivelled till only one line could be read. And so his thoughts went back again to that Egyptian night when his career was ruined.

"Three minutes," said the Commandant. There was an anxious note in his voice this time, and he shuffled one foot nervously. Time was passing, but the victim had made no sign.

"Will the English come in time?" The Lamb's thoughts were running in this direction now. He did not care much for himself, he had made a muddle of his life, but he longed to see the English coming up the slope before he died; he would not like the Burghers to work their will upon his flag—afterwards. He lifted his eyelids a little and looked out toward the south. As far as he could see the veldt was desolate.

"Four minutes," said the Commandant uneasily. The time was very short now; the sharp-shooter lifted his rifle to his shoulder, it behooved him to take no careless aim.

The Englishman withdrew his eyes from the horizon. He saw with a shudder that his executioner had moved, that the rifle was shoulder-high. He looked, and who can tell what that look is save those who have experienced it, down the loaded muzzle. At last, and with terrific suddenness, he realized what it would be to go out alone into the Great Dark. It was not the mere physical pang which affrighted him, it was the going out *alone*. He had lived alone, he dared not die alone. With a wild impulse he lifted his hand and fired his revolver—one, two, three, four, five, six, short, sharp shots. Surely some other would come with him now—but no, he was distraught, his aim was wild; one of the Burghers wiped a trickle of blood from his cheek which had been grazed by a bullet—that was all.

The Lamb let his useless weapon

drop. His hand shook as he laid it upon the pony's neck. The Commandant noted the meaning of what he saw, the frenzy, the threatened collapse, and let the time overpass by thirty seconds—he did not love an execution in cold blood. The Lamb groaned under his breath.

"I must still go out alone," he muttered. "There is no help in heaven or earth. D—" but the word died suddenly as though a hand had been laid upon his lips; it was no time for swearing now.

And then all his thoughts were merged in one great longing; he would pray to the God, if God there were, Whom he had forgotten so long. But the words would not come even to his brain, much less to his lips, and he sat as one dumb.

"Time!" said the Commandant, and raised his hand.

There was a flash, a report; the Lamb threw up his hands and fell heavily to the ground—this time, at least, he had been faithful to the death. As he fell, the words came to him that he had been searching for in vain:

"God," he cried, "have mercy!"

The Burghers turned from their work to look out toward the south; there were horsemen coming over the horizon; they were riding fast. Fear came upon the fugitives once more; their ponies were slow from weariness, and they would need a start in order to out-distance their pursuers. So after all the Lamb's life had not been given in vain, for the flag was left unmolested, guarded by the dead, and the assailants rode off across the veldt, deep-

Temple Bar.

ening the brownish smudge over the springing grass which had been made by the earlier band.

Silence reigned for a little space, till the sound was heard again of horses at the river spruit, the clattering, the splashing and the padding up the soft hither bank. Yet it was neither the blue coats of the cavalry, nor the red of mounted infantry, but a weather-stained khaki-clad troop that came at last. The captain at its head drew rein as he rode within sight of the silent guardian of the store. A glance at the flag overhead was enough to tell him something of the tragedy; he dismounted and went forward. Turning back the shirt, he saw the torn and gaping wound in the dead man's side; he raised himself again, and said quickly, half to himself and half to the soldiers who stood round:

"This is Boers' work; he was an Englishman and a brave one."

A murmur of assent ran through the troop.

"You, Rawson," he added, "just see if there are spades and things in there. We have no time to ride further to-night, but we can spare a few minutes for the burying. Take down the flag and lay it over him; the man deserves that; besides, it is safer there."

So the Lamb died as he had not lived, a soldier of his Queen, faithful to death with a cry for mercy on his lips, and the sign of the cross above him. The Captain said a prayer over the stone-heaped grave, and a word afterwards about the man who had stood there alone against the foe:

"He was an Englishman," he said again, "and a brave one!"

TRANSFORMATION.

When the violet rocks of Paxos come into sight between the blue of sky and sea after leaving Corfu, the traveller must be cast in an insensible mould who feels no strong emotion. Here it was, close by the Isle of Paxos, that nineteen hundred years ago Ionian sailors heard uttered by an extraordinary voice the words: "Pan is dead." So important was the fact thought to be, that a messenger was sent to communicate the news of it to Tiberius. The Emperor's astrologers, questioned as to what it meant, could give no answer. Our modern ears will always hear in that extraordinary voice "the melancholy long withdrawing roar" of the faith of antiquity.

Pan was the Shelley among the gods; was there ever a description of a god that so suited a poet as the description of Pan by Euripides suits Shelley?

When Pan was a child his father Hermes took him into heaven wrapped in a little hare-skin. All the Immortals were delighted, but most of all Dionysos—himself the impersonation of the highest nature rapture.

Pan grew up and exchanged the hare-skin for a lynx-skin and took to the *macchia*—the wild, open country—dancing among the hyacinth and crocus-starred meadows and filling the air with sweet laughter. And he was the joy of all, as he had been of the Immortals when he was introduced to them as a droll and charming child.

Around the evanescent personality of the shepherd god floated ideas too evanescent for formulæ; he held a place, if not in the belief, at least in the imagination of the cultivated Greek, which was the larger because it was so undetermined. There was a sort of tenderness in the tone in which they spoke of him as of early memories that have

become dreams. The most beautiful prayer that was ever spoken outside Palestine was addressed not to Zeus, not to Apollo, not to Pallas Athene or Artemis Virgin, but to Pan:—

O sweet Pan and ye other gods,
whoever ye be, grant to me to be beautiful within.

So prayed Socrates in his only country walk.

The shepherd god was the embodiment of the indwelling unconscious joy of Nature. In a sense he was the embodiment of the peasant himself. Antiquity was not all brightness and sunshine; over the cradle of the Greek race floated the immense conception of Necessity with its machine-like punishment of evil, regardless of personal responsibility and unaccompanied by the Hebrew promise of an earthly reward to the just man who suffers or the Christian assurance of paradise to the crushed saint. And yet the natural bent of the Greek was towards optimism, a bent which found its goal in the Platonic vision of a perfect Universe. The side of joy and sun in antiquity, after all, was what made it what it was, and this was the side that the peasant knew. For him the gods were gracious, and they were near. Some one divine who took an interest in him, some one who lived in the temple in the grove and who was pleased with little offerings; this was the Greek or Roman peasant's god. A Neapolitan friar once begged of an Englishman a few sous for a wayside shrine. "How can the Queen of Heaven be in want of a few sous?" asked the Englishman. "It is *not* the Queen of Heaven," answered the friar, "it is the *poor* Madonna of the grotto who has hardly

enough to buy oil for her lamp." So did the peasant of old look upon his familiar gods, and much consolation he drew from his point of view.

He did not ask the gods that he might be beautiful within; he asked them just to take care of him and of his crops. The prayer in early Latin preserved by Cato shows us how he prayed:—

Father Mars. I pray and implore thee that thou wouldst turn away from us diseases, seen and unseen, destitution, desolation, distress and violence, and that thou wouldst suffer the fruits of the earth, corn, grass and young trees, to increase and thrive, and wouldst preserve shepherds and their flocks in safety.

And surely this prayer also is good, and must have comforted the heart that prayed. We are often invited to compare the beliefs of primitive peoples which have become great with those of people whom we are pleased to call savages, for the purpose of showing that the same rude and sometimes repulsive notions are found to be common to both. Instead of always pursuing this plan, we might occasionally try to discover what divine spark unites them, what common glimpse of moral beauty, proclaims them *man*. Perhaps we should find this golden link in their prayers; in prayer a great poet once said, it is sufficient to "look outside oneself." It seems a long way from the ancient Roman cultivator to the Hider who inhabit certain islets on the Northwest Coast of America, but the petition of the first to Father Mars is very like the petition of the last to their Sun Totem:—

O thou, good Sun, look down upon us. Shine on us, O Sun. Take away the dark clouds that the rain may cease to fall, because we want to go

nunting (or fishing, as the case may be). Look kindly on us, O Sun. Grant us peace in our midst, as well as with our enemies. Again we ask, hear us, O Sun.

In the religion of the antique peasant the character of a Nature cult still predominated; the poetic attribution to the gods of human passions did not touch him closely; he was content to know that they represented and governed natural forces which he *recognized as in the main benign*—this was the great point of superiority in Greek and Roman mythology over the gloomy cults of Asia. The analogy of kindlier and more beautiful physical surroundings doubtless caused the modification; an example of the power of ambient in differentiating races and creeds. The peasant neither had the doubt nor the indifference which disposes to a new faith. Nor had he the moral cravings of a conscience which is always growing; it is less philosophic scepticism than the evolution of new moral ideals that works great religious changes. The peasant had no ideals—only realities, but they were good realities;—respect for the old folks, love of his wife (even though he did lag a little in the town), love of his children and labor, continual but not hopeless or degrading, and, finally, respect for the gods, who were quite as real to him as men were. The peasant world is made up of the peasant who works and the peasant who does not work. The peasant who gets his work done by women, or by imported laborers, is fond of fighting, like the Corsican and the Montenegrin; the peasant who does all the work himself is fond of peace, like the Greek and the Roman countryman of ancient times.

Paganism was an agricultural religion, a name given to it by the most *spiritual* and the least spiritual of ec-

clerics, the Neapolitan neo-pagan Galiani. As the letters of the witty Abbé are little known, I am tempted to quote his shrewd remarks:—"La Géorgique" (he writes to Mme. D'Epina in 1770) "n'est plus un sujet de poème à notre âge. Il faut une religion agricole, chez un peuple coloniste, pour parler avec emphase et avec grandeur des abeilles, des poireaux et des oignons. Avec votre triste consubstantialité et transubstantiation, que voulez vous qu'on fasse? Il y a deux sortes de religions; celles des peuples nouveaux sont riantes, et ne sont qu'agriculture, médecine, athlétique et population. Celles des vieux peuples sont tristes et ne sont que métaphysique, rhétorique, contemplation, élévation de l'âme; elles doivent causer l'abandon de la cultivation, de la population, de la bonne santé et des plaisirs. Nous sommes vieux."

An agricultural religion naturally suited peasants. The gods were divine benefactors, who could be rendered propitious by certain stated and simple means. If things, nevertheless, went wrong, the peasant is a man of infinite resignation. He began again. If he died—well, the gods only do not know death. The Beyond? Plato blamed Homer for saying that it was better to be the servant of one who had not himself enough bread to eat, than to be a king of ghosts, because this picture of Hades as "a dreadful place" was likely to diminish men's courage in face of death. But the peasant, if he thought of Hades at all, probably did not think so very ill of it. Anyhow it was a place of rest. The Lares formed a cheerful link between the dead and the living; and the peasant really believed in the Lares, which the cultivated Roman did not. For the rest he had not the obstinate yearnings, the restless curiosity, of more finely-strung minds. He felt that he was living comfortably

to a stronger will which made—not exactly for righteousness—but for order.

Suddenly the news was conveyed to the peasants that there was not a word of truth in their religion; no, something worse; that it all belonged to the spirit of evil of whom they had never heard; that their gods were not merely a delusion, but hateful, to be crushed, broken, maledicted. And they were seized with the vertigo of the earthquake—that peculiar sense that the one solid thing is giving way under your feet—which alarms you or not according to the state of your nerves, but which certainly impresses. The Church began to feel itself strong. Heretics were first put to death in A.D. 385, and if it were right to suppress heresy with the sword it must certainly be right to suppress Paganism with the pickaxe. The peasants, many of whom had never heard of Christ, saw the approach of men dressed in black, and not much washed. "How can dirt be pleasing to divinity?" Rutillius had asked; but for many centuries it was thought to be one of the surest means of salvation. Did not St. Bernard say in praise of the Templars: "They never dress gaily, and wash but seldom." The "Black Men" broke the statues and threw down the shrines. It was in vain that Libanius, Julian's tolerant minister, the Pagan friend of Basil and Chrysostom, implored Theodosius to stay the hand of these missionaries of destruction; in vain he pleaded that to the peasants the temple was the very eye of Nature, the symbol and manifestation of a present deity, the solace of all their troubles, the holiest of all their joys. In vain. Through the length and breadth of the land the peasants heard of Christ for the first time from the mouth of the monks who were come to destroy their altars.

To the man of simple mind his religion is always the only one; whether it is attacked in the name of a purer or

higher faith, or in the name of a harsher or cruder one, or in the name of pure denial, it is the same thing; for him it is *true*—why inquire if it is good or probable? Wireless telegraphy is improbable, but it is a fact. This is precisely the basis of belief of those who believe and who do not make-believe-to-believe.

Therefore the peasant had the feeling of the earthquake; but, as happens after an earthquake, the sense of security returned; the pickaxe was not proof; the altars might fall but the gods were real. The peasants made this reflection, and, where they could, they resisted; where they could not they submitted—especially outwardly. They took care to retain a great part of their old religion. When sick (as St. Augustine deplored) they sent for some old Pagan woman who knew magic remedies. A day or two before Byron died at Missolonghi he asked those around him to try and find some "ugly old woman" of magical repute, such as the Greeks sent for when they were ill; the witch was actually found, but as he did not again ask for her, she was not brought to his bedside. The religion of one age became the witchcraft of another, and witchcraft in the South is still as flourishing as ever.

For many centuries much more than such-like mere scraps of the old faith subsisted. Sacrifices of fire and incense were tolerated after the killing of animals were forbidden, but the peasants met for a family feast, and in their hearts they consecrated to their gods the animal killed. This continued for a very long time. Originally the Emperor had not encouraged recourse to actual violence; indeed, Libanius's chief argument was that Theodosius could not know or countenance the things done by the "Black Men," who left the fields barren "to put themselves, as they pretended, into communication with the Creator of the Uni-

verse on the mountains." But the Church pressed him forward, and the Church, which had quieted the scruples once felt by it about violence to heretics, could not be expected to have any where it was a question of Pagans.

At first the crusade was limited to the Eastern Empire, but it was taken up in the West by Valentinian II, who forbade even hanging up garlands, or lighting lamps, or the fire on the hearth in honor of the Lares, or the libation before drinking. Valentinian lost his life in consequence, but, as usual, assassination did not effect its object. Theodosius was now absolute in East and West, and in the beginning of the fifth century the country districts of Italy were scourged.

The official existence (so to speak) of Paganism ended in the sixth century, when Justinian closed its last recognized refuge, the Academy of Athens. But in lonely and isolated places it lasted in its fullest acceptance till much later. A side-light on the position of latter-day Pagans is thrown in the following extract from a letter written by Gregory the Great to the Empress Constantina:—

Having heard that there are many Gentiles in the island of Sardinia, and that, according to their depraved custom, they still sacrifice to idols, and that the priests of the island have become lax in preaching our Redeemer, I sent one of the Italian bishops there, who, with the help of God, converted many of these Gentiles to the faith. But he has informed me of a sacrilegious matter, namely, that those who sacrifice to idols pay a tax to the judge that it may be permitted to them; of whom some, now being baptized, have given up sacrificing to idols, yet still this tax which they had been accustomed to pay for that purpose is exacted from them by the same judge even after baptism. And when he was found fault with by the bishop

for this, he answered that he had promised to pay so much for his post, which he could not do unless by these means.

The Pope adds that in Corsica the islanders are so ground down by taxation that they hardly pay the taxes even by selling their own children. Here, at least, is the Head of the Church in his best character: that of **pleader for the poor** with the great and powerful in the name of an authority higher than theirs. Gregory has been accused of destroying many classical works, owing to the attraction which they lent to Paganism, but on what is considered insufficient evidence. In the ninth century, the Mainots in the Peloponnesus still worshipped the gods, and there were Pagans in the Tyrolese Valleys at the same date. No doubt in some secluded spots they existed even later.

Then, on a certain day in a certain year, an old man, bent and feeble, went forth softly to make the last offering to the gods. Perhaps it was a garland hung on a tree near the place where a shrine had stood. He felt very sure that the offering was accepted—he felt that the gods, forsaken now by all, must be glad to see their faithful worshipper. Gods have their troubles like men; it is sad to be left alone. The old man, when he had hung the flowers on the bough, went back to his abode and lay down on his bed, for he was tired. He closed his eyes and he did not open them again. The last Pagan was dead.

Before glancing at the process by which the Southern peasants became as devoted to the new faith as they had been to the old, we may notice a point of some singularity. It is this. If we look at the Christianity, not of Emperors and Black Men in the fifth century, but of the first hunted Christians in the tombs, we observe a ten-

dency to assimilate Christian dogma to the simplest pastoral symbolism of the ancient myths—a tendency to form a new "religion agricole," humaner, diviner than the old, but still rural, still speaking of the peace of the fields. The Christians in the Catacombs, experiencing the Italian need to give a pictorial rendering to their faith, represented the Founder of it not as the Christ enthroned on the Globe of the Ravenna mosaics or the Christ crucified of the modern Church Universal. Historically Christ was still one who had failed; the spiritual conquest of the world which may have seemed at the time when the mosaics of S. Vitale were made, an almost certain event (far more probable than it can seem to us now) was, to the Christians of the second century, at most an aspiration. Hence they made no pictures of enthroned Christs. And as for the Crucifix, an early Christian placed before the crucified Christ of Velasquez would have felt a thrill of horror, of outraged decency, as if he had been shown the agony of one of his own friends who had been put to death. The tragedy was too near.

The persecuted Christians represented Christ under types taken from the ancient idylls; as Orpheus with his lyre, or as a shepherd youth with lamb or kid on his shoulder, standing among olive branches and rose trees, the fruits of summer, the wheat sheaves of autumn.

.... But she sigh'd,
The infant Church of love she felt the
tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet
recent grave.

And then she smiled; and in the
Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired
true,
On those walls subterranean, where
she hid

Her head 'mid ignominy, death and
tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image
drew.

Under entirely changed circumstances the early idyllic type came into use again among the scholar poets of the Renaissance, who were no longer simple and ingenuous, but steeped in a learning which they were eager to display. Only one, the half-Puritan Spenser, joins the classical terminology to an impassioned earnestness which recalls the fervor of the Catacombs rather than the preciosity of humanism:—

And wonned not the great god Pan
Upon Mount Olivet
Feeding the blessed flocks of Dan
Which dyd himselfe beget?

O blessed sheepe. O shepherd great
That bought his flock so deare,
And them dyd save with bloudy sweat
From wolves that would them teare.

The statue of Christ, young and beautiful, by Michael Angelo, in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, which nearly all who go to see it call "Pagan," is, perhaps, the only famous work of art representing the Redeemer that would have satisfied the early Christians.

Had the crusading monks trusted more to the story of Christ, the Good Shepherd, and less to the pickaxe, it is possible that the work of conversion would have advanced more rapidly. As it was, the slowness with which it advanced caused poignant distress to true servants of Christ, who thirsted to save souls and bring light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. How was the task to be accelerated? There are problems which are solved by acts, not by words. No Christian saint or doctor would have said even to himself: "the way to gain

over the peasants is to assimilate the new faith to the old." But in practice, that was what was done.

The doctors, however, had not much to do with it. St. Augustine set his face resolutely against the worship of images, and insisted that Christ should be sought in the Bible. But men of undoubted holiness, scattered about the country, could not resist the temptation of trying "by all means to save some," and the way which proved by far the most efficacious was to let the peasants keep or re-establish a cult which, in outward particulars, was as like as possible to the one they were called upon to renounce:—

So these nations feared the Lord and
served their graven images, both their
children and their children's children:
as did their fathers, so do they unto
this day.

Certainly the names were changed; for Diana, Guardian of the Harbors, there was Mary, Star of the Sea; for Diana, Dwelling in the Mountains, there was Mary, Our Lady of Snows. But is there so very much in a name?

A pretty story told by St. Paulinus illustrates exactly by what steps the peasant began to feel at home in the new faith. A countryman recommended his beloved oxen to Felix, the legendary Saint of Nolo. "He loves them better than his own children!" writes Paulinus, and his care of them was extreme, but lo and behold! one night they were stolen out of the stable! Thereupon the countryman violently upbraided St. Felix for his unpardonable negligence (just as he would have done if the negligent protector had been a sylvan god). Nothing would satisfy him unless he recovered those very same oxen—no others would do. Well, and what happened? Paulinus may tell it: "St. Felix forgave the want of politeness for the sake of the abun-

dance of faith, and he laughed with Our Lord over the injurious expressions addressed to him." That night the oxen walked back into the stable.

Paulinus seems to have been the first person who had pictures painted *inside* a church, though his object was only to interest and edify; he did not intend them for veneration. Those pictures were the lineal ancestors of the altar pieces of Raphael. Without them, let it be remembered, we should have had no Christian Art.

Pictures in churches probably began everywhere as a device to amuse the peasants, and the worship of images may have sprung from the peasants, in out of the way places, saving favorite statues of their gods by giving them new names. In my own garden there is a statue called by the peasants *la Madonna Mora*, the head of which, certainly an antique, much resembles the head of a Diana found at Pompeii.

Thus did the country folk, from be-

ing the last Pagans, become the pillar of the Church, and when the supremacy of Rome was threatened to its foundations it was chiefly the peasants allied to the "Black Men" who saved it.

Contact with a monotheistic race made the educated classes in Byzantium ashamed of forms of worship which intelligent Mohammedans told them were Paganism over again. If success had crowned the Iconoclastic movement, the cult of the Saints would have been reduced within narrow limits and the power of the priesthood would have received an irrevocable blow. It failed, from a coalition of women, peasants and monks (a great part of the higher clergy was in favor of it). The Popes had the fortunate accident of siding with Italian nationality against strangers for the second time—the first was in the struggle with the Arian Goths.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

The Contemporary Review.

THE SALT MEADOWS.

Sere are the lowlands stretching to the sea,
Whose pale blue waters glimmer opaline,
And steely blue the inlets serpentine,
That wander shoreward up the level lea.
Perchance with boat and scythe all merrily
The mowers came one summer morning fine
To seek the sedgy grasses crisp with brine,
And piled aloft the golden argosy.
One summer morn! All faded now and brown
Are the shorn meadows reaching far and wide—
While stacked like spectre windmills up and down,—
Their wealth is raised above the creeping tide.
Hushed silence reigns, scarce broken by the sound
Of soaring birds at evening homeward bound.

C. D. W.

THE CHARM OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

Many persons, doubtless, like the present writer, can recall the time in early life when they turned from some parts of the Old Testament, recording the Kings and battles of Israel, or the Mosaic legislation, to the poetic idealism of the Book of Job. The "eternal argument" there unrolled in such noble language may not have been understood, but the poetry could not be hidden. It has attracted all thinkers, and unlike some literature which appeals to thinkers, it has always been one of the favorite books of men of letters. Goethe drew his "Spirit that denies" in the Prologue in Heaven from the figure of the Adversary in Job. In each the idea is the same. Man's ideals and aspirations, his faith and love, all glowing as in the breast of God, are met by the dark, cold spirit of the doubt which believes not in human goodness, actual or possible. The fiend in either case seeks the destruction of the hero, and thinks this an easy task, and God lets him have his will, knowing that the corrupt will defeats its own ends. One of Froude's finest essays dealt with this wonderful book. Carlyle quotes it with enthusiasm in "Hero Worship." Tennyson loved it, and here and there we trace its influence on his mind. To no lover of the sublime, to no thinker on the great everlasting problems, can the Book of Job fail to prove of perennial interest. We note, therefore, with approval and interest, a valuable little work, "The Book of Job," translated and annotated by F. H. Wilkinson (London: Skeffington and Son). This translation does not always reach the massive grandeur of the Authorized Version, which is a specially noble piece of English, but it is more accu-

rate, and in some cases reveals to the English reader the true meaning which the Authorized Version sometimes obscures.

Mr. Wilkinson thinks that the Book of Job was written by a Hebrew during the Exile. The present writer agrees with this view, but not on grounds of scholarship. The early Hebrew took the view that the tests of divine favor and approval were to be found in earthly prosperity. Flocks and herds in abundance were the lot of him who had kept the commandments of the God of the Hebrews; poverty and distress the curse of him who disobeyed. The Mosaic directions seem to have assumed this mode of divine justice. But the facts of life are against such a view, admirably stated by Bacon when he said that adversity was the reward of the New Testament, as prosperity had been of the Old. The experience of Israel gradually led to a reconsideration of this assumption that God showed his preference for the good by liberal distribution of flocks and herds. The Psalmist sees the wicked flourishing like a green bay-tree, and is evidently staggered by the fact. The Exile marks the rise of a new and higher moral conception for Israel. The prophets bade the nation take heed of the moral law, not merely on the ground that it meant national greatness, but on the far deeper ground that the law was good and to be desired, that the sacrifices of God were a contrite heart, that the inward disposition of the soul was everything, that the narrow God of the earlier time had expanded into a lofty Being who had purer eyes than to behold iniquity. It was in this new mood that the Exilian period

found the Hebrew people, and the Book of Job not only hits this new spiritual mood, but states the great problem with a power and grandeur never surpassed. Here is one who obeyed all the commands of God, and who yet was overtaken by the direst physical calamities. The picture would have been unintelligible to an early Israelite, but it was precisely the problem which went home to the heart and imagination and intellect of the Israelite of the Exile. A new moral birth had made of Israel a new people.

The Book of Job is inestimable to every human being because it takes up in the boldest way known in literature this eternal problem of the ways of God with man. There is not one of us, whether his lot is great or obscure, as the world counts these things, who has not every day in his life been called on to face this great question. Therefore, the work is of universal interest. Why did we miss this chance? Why do we suffer this disease? Why these series of apparent disasters? Why, as Shakespeare hints, were we not born with this man's art, with that man's scope? Why are our friends taken from us into the mysterious unknown at the very time when their help seems most needed? Why, in short, does God seem arbitrary? Why are we left to languish in despair, with no voice to break the eternal silence? Where on earth is the human heart from which this cry has not arisen? The Book of Job, therefore, appeals in its problem to every human being. So it does in its treatment of the problem. There is the awful despair of Job, who knows that his life has been righteous, and who sticks fast to that belief, even while for the time losing all light in a darkness that might be felt. "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds."

Could Tennyson have been thinking of Job when he wrote those lines? The creed of established orthodoxy, of conventional belief which does not rise to the towering heights of faith, is represented by the friends who bring their poor little system of theology to bear on Job. He must have sinned against the almighty dispenser of physical good; the dire calamities cannot be explained any other way. Was ever a noble scepticism faced with a more conventional belief? It is the scepticism of Job which is the faith, the belief of his friends which is the scepticism. Job knows that he is innocent, to that faith he will cleave. The turning-point comes when he appeals to God himself, an appeal only to be made on the basis of clean hands and a pure heart. The scepticism that is contented with itself, and formulates its nescience into a creed labelled agnosticism, is pitiable, but the Book of Job hints that God sets passing scepticism, born of life's tragedies, as naught, providing there is no scepticism of the heart. Job, sitting aloof from men in his bodily degradation, yet lifts his eyes to heaven, and knows that he shall be vindicated.

The answer of God to Job afforded material again to Goethe in the Prologue, for it chants the infinite and magnificent order of the material universe. The passages here are among the finest poetry ever produced by human being. The ships on the sea, the minerals in the womb of the earth, the beasts which God has made, the sense of marvel and power, are beyond that which we find elsewhere in the Old Testament. This glimpse of the material universe overwhelms Job with the idea of the divine wisdom, that wisdom which was present when the foundations of the worlds were laid, and which we may regard as the Hebrew equivalent of the Logos beyond space and time. This suggests

to us the special charm of the Book apart from its great moral suggestion. It is in a way almost Greek. It is true that Greek elements are missing. There is no chorus, there is little scenic action. But the work is essentially dramatic. It is the drama of the purification of the hero. We are not told of the moral condition of Job after his return to prosperity, but we are sure that the number of his flocks and herds was the least important factor of his life to the aged patriarch. We are sure that his faith in unseen verities was confirmed, that his assurance of the rule of a God of righteousness was rooted in a soil not to be shaken, that his life was renewed, and that that life typified the newer and true ideals of Israel. Therefore we see in the Book of Job these elements:—In the first place we see a story which has taken hold of the minds of both the thinkers and poets of the world. Secondly, we see a great work which

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appeals to every human being that has ever lived, as being a picture to him of his daily spiritual experience, and a solution of the chief problem which haunts him all his days. Thirdly, we find the method of the solution of the problem, the appeal to a just God, and the answer that approves of Job's righteousness, so true to all inner experience. Fourthly, the poem gains in interest and charm by being in a measure Greek in feeling, dramatic in form, and giving as its motive the purifying of the hero not by action, but by the justifying power of a good conscience, which, even in its earlier sceptical mood, tears in fragments the sophistry of a merely conventional belief. If we add to these elements that "freshness of an early world" which gives an atmosphere to this work, we may well ask if a greater and nobler piece of writing has, on the whole, ever been bequeathed to mankind.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

After a year of public excitement, when one's interest and sympathy have gone with the straining energies of the country, now, while still large thoughts of destiny bear on one's mind and great issues still are toward, some gentle refreshment is necessary, and it is pleasant to contemplate the social English as they were in a quiet time, not our own, but not unfamiliarly remote. Consequently I have betaken myself to Anthony Trollope, an old and constant friend, and for months at a time almost my only reading in fiction. There was an essay in a magazine about him some time ago which I read with surprise and indignation. It had

a Good Samaritan air towards a neglected unfortunate. It picked Anthony Trollope up, so to speak, and, having brushed him down, called the attention of passers-by to the fact that in spite of many unlucky deficiencies he was not altogether an unrepresentable object. It is the recollection of that essay that moves me to hazard one on my own account. I was surprised. That Anthony Trollope should be neglected by the great mass of readers was likely enough. He was popular in his own day, because people recognized in him the accurate picture of their human and other surroundings. But few people care about accurate pictures

of their fathers' surroundings, and his other qualities are not those which command popular success. His plots are not startling, and his language is quiet and unpretentious. But that a writer who had made a study of him should think him an object for affable encouragement was remarkable. I imagine that few students of fiction and few students of social history have not a better appreciation of his excellence and value.

To begin with his value for the history of manners, he is by far our greatest realist since Fielding. Miss Austen uniformly approaches him in her own field, but that field was a very much smaller one than his. George Eliot approaches him in some passages of some of her books, but in the rest she is in no way his competitor. Lovers of Dickens are apt to attribute to that great master of sentiment and caricature the perfection of every conceivable quality; but I hardly think the well-advised of them would claim for him a literally exact portraiture of manners; and it is in that sense I am speaking of realism, putting any esoteric views there may be about a higher realism on one side. A comparison with Thackeray may perhaps help my estimate. Thackeray was by far Trollope's superior in the perception of the humors of life and in a humorous presentation of them, but in fidelity to the facts of life, or at least the facts which eye and ear tell one finally, he was by far Trollope's inferior. Thackeray would seize on a mode of eccentricity and exploit it to its full value, but even in this he would exaggerate for effect. Fred Bayham and Paul de Florac would be all the better for a little less exuberance. With commonplace people and incidents he was careless. Even when moralizing in his own person, he could write, to take a trivial but conclusive instance, of a gentleman

"bawling out the odds he would give or take" on a racecourse. But you are defied to find in Trollope a remark or an action out of keeping with the character concerned. I would give a pound for every such instance found by an objector, if he would give me a penny for every strictly consistent speech or instance I might find in return. One might go further than the mere details of speech and action, and compare these authors when they are dealing with the same significant situation in social or domestic life. An instance is the treatment of an unhappy marriage in "The Newcomes" and in "The Claverings." Both Sir Barnes Newcome and Sir Hugh Claverling were hard and selfish men who misused their wives. And when due allowance has been made for the fact that Barnes Newcome was a cad and Hugh Claverling a gentleman, which is the more characteristic and the truer picture: Barnes Newcome swearing at his wife before the servants and flinging sarcasms at her about nothing, or Hugh Claverling instinctively chilling his wife's affection with persistent and unstudied indifference and curt reasonableness? I have no doubt which of these *ménages* is the more human and interesting; the Newcome one is empty violence, and, as it were, abstract evil, and the Claverling a subtle exposure of conflicting temperaments. But on the point of realism only, remembering that Barnes was a snob, a slave to convention, and had married "above him," we must surely pronounce that his violence and causeless cruelty are exaggerated; while Sir Hugh is natural throughout—merely a heartless man who was quite sure he was treating his wife fairly and was right in chastening her sentimentality and "trash and nonsense." If it is added that all of us have met many Hugh Claverlings and a few of us a single Barnes Newcome, it might be replied that common experience is irrelevant,

that the creation of an exceptional character might be the greater feat. But surely that is only the case if the exceptional character is true to itself. If you find Barnes Newcome "convincing" or "inevitable," or whatever the proper phrase of criticism may be, there is an end of it. But at least it is a serious question if he be so, and there can be no question about Sir Hugh. Other parallels might be given, but I dislike finding fault with Thackeray; to me it always seems a sort of domestic treachery, like abusing one's friends to strangers. Nor would it serve to make comparisons with Mr. Meredith. Characters portrayed with splendid realism he has given us, like Squire Beltham in "Harry Richmond," far and away greater in profundity and effect than anything in Trollope. But Mr. Meredith is seldom a realist, and his general absorption in psychology forbids the discursive panorama of life we find in Thackeray and Trollope; and, after all, no number of comparisons can prove the justness of my opinion. If, however, one is content to keep to the superficialities of life only, I think that no one will dispute Trollope's absolute and minute trustworthiness. It was amply endorsed by those who could test it by experience, and we may accept it without misgiving.

The æsthetic value of it, as an end in itself, varies of course with temperament. Merely to note small differences in the manners of the last generation from those of my own is to me a very great enjoyment, and the smaller, the subtler they are, so much the better. I can read carefully every word of the conversation at a dinner party in the palace at Barchester without a moment of weariness, however commonplace that conversation may have been. The little differences in modes of address, the existing point of view intellectually and morally, the social values and distances of this or that distinction

in class—all this I love to ponder and carefully to compare with my memory of such commonplace conversations conducted by the present representatives of the people in the book. This, as I said, is an end in itself. But the broader and more bravely soaring minds of other people, impatient of trivialities, would not necessarily waste their time in the same relaxation. These trivialities of manner and address, these intellectual and moral points of view held by commonplace people, imply many important facts of our social system, and the subtle changes in them may connote great changes to be gradually produced in that system. To take, for example, the changes in the intellectual and active importance of women in everyday social life; I do not refer to exaggerated and generally ineffective propagandism, but to the gradual changes which every experienced man or woman of the world acknowledges. Trollope's evidence on this point is of a very sound value, chiefly, in my opinion, because like all the other trustworthy records of the past, it is a corrective to exaggerated ideas about the former backwardness or present advance of women, but also because it shows in what ways the avowed attitude of women has changed, as it has changed. Or to take public affairs. Those of us who make it our business to study them, or hope haply some day to influence their course, are necessarily dependent on current sweeping generalizations about the temperament and views and intellectual condition of our fellow countrymen. Statesmen and politicians and publicists, those who speak and those who write about public affairs, are in this matter, necessarily for the most part, at the mercy of generalizations which may or may not be true, which appeal to their sense of probability, but which they cannot test. "If there is one thing certain

about the English people . . ." says the speaker or the writer; but does he really know this certain thing? Daily life, converse with different classes and sets of people, help to correct inevitable ignorance in those who avoid the disaster of getting into a socially narrow groove. And I maintain that Trollope's books are a most useful assistance, because by showing tendencies in development they very greatly increase the value of contemporary observation.

But of course the value of this realism, as a means and not as an end, is conditioned by its extent, and it has been alleged against Trollope that his scope is narrow, that he only deals with a section of the upper middle class—with parsons and civil service clerks. The allegation is quite untrue. The chief male personages of most of his books are, to be sure, parsons and civil servants. If he had drawn no other characters than these, it is no narrow scope of observation which includes Bishop Proudie and Bishop Grantly, Archdeacon Grantly, Mr. Arabin and Mr. Slope. Surely here are types of human nature and social tradition and moral and intellectual equipment sufficiently diverse? This same consideration holds in a less degree of his civil service clerks. Johnny Eames and Adolphus Crosbie, and the trio of "The Three Clerks," with their colleagues and official superiors, make up a tolerably extensive fraction of humanity in its essentially different qualities and capacities. But his subsidiary persons in these clerical and civil service books come of many classes and types of training and character. It would be too long to give instances enough to establish my remark, but I cannot refrain from mentioning Mr. Sowerby, an original and brilliant study of a familiar result of changing social conditions. Moreover, there are other books; "The Claverings," in my opinion

one of his very best, has little to do with parsons, and nothing with civil servants. Sir Hugh Claverling and his brother Captain Archle, Count Pateroff, the inimitable Doodles and "the man who dusted his boots with his pocket-handkerchief"—these distinct and different people are worlds apart from parsonages and Somerset House or Downing Street. And think of his gallery of women, prudes and coquettes, dowagers and adventuresses, bullies and slaves, beautiful and ugly! And remember that he has done several times what Thackeray hardly did once; he has drawn interesting, clever and individual women who were also good and serviceable. All this array of characters is paraded in detail; you follow them in their rising up, and going to bed, their businesses and pleasures and meals and love-affairs, their financial distresses—which no one but Thackeray in the case of Sir Francis Claverling, has described with such minute knowledge and appreciation; modern novelists are all so rich—and their deaths and burials. A narrow field? It is as big as China.

So much of Trollope's value as a realist. But I am by no means minded to stop here. Dr. Garnett, whose study of Trollope in "The Dictionary of National Biography" is most exhaustive and appreciative, nevertheless commits himself to the statement that "he never creates—he only depicts." It is an almost distressing instance of the modern taste for irresponsible paradox that so sound and scholarly a critic as Dr. Garnett should make this reckless assertion. The man who gave Mrs. Proudie to the world "never creates!" It takes one's breath away. Whatever be the fate of Trollope's books generally, it is at least certain that Mrs. Proudie will live as one of the great creations of English fiction. So completely realized she is that thousands and thousands of unimaginative read-

ers have known her as familiarly as they know their nearest relations; and she has not been known to them merely by phrases and peculiarities of manner, but in her full, vigorous character. To say that this is mere observation is really monstrous. Trollope never listened to the intimate colloquies of bishops and their wives, but who doubts the absolute truth of Bishop and Mrs. Proudie's? Dr. Garnett, indeed, directly contradicts himself on this point. "His success in delineating the members of social classes, such as the episcopal, of which he can have had but little personal knowledge, is most extraordinary, and seems to suggest not merely preternatural quickness of observation and retentiveness of memory, but some special instinct." Trollope, as a matter of fact, had a considerable personal knowledge of clergymen, and, even if he knew but few bishops, had plenty to go upon in drawing them. But when a writer has produced such a character as Mrs. Proudie, seen all round and through and through, to say that he "never creates" but has "some special instinct" is to play with words. This "special instinct" was an imaginative and sympathetic power of realizing the complete characters of people whom either Trollope could only know in their outside aspects, or invented altogether; why this power should be distinguished from creative genius, or how the distinction is to be made, I must leave to subtler critics. But I should very much like to know in what way Mrs. Proudie is less of a creation than Becky Sharp, for I do not think Dr. Garnett would suggest that Thackeray "only depicts."

The fact is that the exact portraiture of manners—in which sense of realism I claimed that Trollope was a great realist—though his most valuable quality for history, is not his greatest gift in point of intellect. It was the

gift readiest to his hand, and one with which he was for the most part content. But when he chose, when the subject attracted him, when he took the trouble, he could go deeply into the sources of character. He wrote plainly; he hated any parade of philosophy; he would have scoffed at the word "artist;" and it is true enough to say that he did not take his vocation of novel-writing very seriously. But it is not true that because a man does not take his work seriously therefore his work is not serious. One would, indeed, wish it were true—if only the converse were true also, and the multitude of contemporary mediocrities who prate about their wonderful aims and inspirations, by virtue of their prating made themselves worth the trouble of reading. When Trollope went deeply into character he did so not because he took his work seriously, but because the subject interested him.

That does not matter; what matters is that he did go deeply into character on occasion, as Mrs. Proudie and her husband, as the persecuted Mr. Crawley, and as a dozen other results are extant to prove. It is done without parade, and, except perhaps in the case of Mr. Crawley, is done without an appearance of continued intention; but it is done all the same. With a few hints and suggestions, with a few casual asides, Trollope has shown often that the whole nature of a type of human being is clear to him. It may be the case that the manner is not that of an artist—that it is rather that of a man of the world wishing to interest and fearful of wearying you; but none the less is the result most interesting, and respect for the knowledge and intellect which produced it most clearly due. Too much has been made of the fact that Trollope was regular in his habits and wrote so many words a day. It is a sign of the crude and unsympathetic

character of our literary appreciation that we should be reminded of this fact whenever Trollope is mentioned. He had been trained to task-work and punctual habits, and he found them convenient. Why not? A man's intellect is not necessarily the worse because its working is not dependent on sunshine or rain, on the society he has been frequenting, on the thousand other irrelevant accidents of life. To be able to set them aside does not mean that a man is stupid, but that he is strong. A poet might not be able to do this. But Trollope's method is one of prose; it works with sound knowledge of life on the lines of reason. *Im-*

Corahill Magazine.

agination was needed too, and, as I contend, he used it in full measure. But it does not follow that because he wrote so many words a day he had not previously thought out what he was going to write. The form of his work was sufficiently pedestrian to allow him to use what his gift of imagination had provided for him at such a time as he chose. That is all, and that is to his credit. There is no need to apologize for an intelligence because it is not only great, but alert and ready for use, nor any need to apologize for Trollope at all; and I trust that my remarks may not be so interpreted.

G. S. Street.

THE GRAY PIPPIN.*

Marthe-Mariette had taken her seat when it was time for breakfast, upon one of the benches of the Square Louvois. A few humble individuals who have little time and still less money at their disposal make choice of this open-air restaurant during the summer. It is quite retired. You have only to turn your bench toward the clumps of shrubs which form two semi-circles within the well-fenced square, to find yourself sheltered alike from the wind, the dust, or those passing along the rue Richelieu. A charming spot, I assure you. The sparrows lend their company and the horse chestnuts lavish shade. There is even a drinking-fountain under the aspens at the end of the square. But drinking-fountains are quite vulgar; nice people hardly ever go to them; Marthe-Mariette was one of these.

She was in a hurry, and as her teeth were young—they were pretty too!—

*Translated for *The Living Age*.

her little roll and the thin slice of ham within it were rapidly disappearing. Sitting erect, her eyes looking out straight before her, her well-worn veil covering with beads and brownish folds all her forehead from her eyebrows up, she seemed to be gazing at the windows of the print-shop across the street. But, at that distance, she could in reality see nothing, and the truth is that she was annoyed by the presence of a stranger who had just seated himself on the other end of the bench. He was not a very formidable looking person, this stranger. In spite of his tall hat and his frock coat, he belonged, like herself, to the world of penury and hope; a young clerk, most likely, who had come into the square to eat his sandwich as she had come to eat her roll.

Marthe-Mariette had made out so much the moment he appeared on the scene. Only, ever since that moment, she had known that someone kept looking at her. To one glance no one

objects; two, even, are permissible, but girls like Marthe-Mariette become alarmed at a third, and so she hurried.

When she had finished eating, she took from her pocket a little glass bottle no taller than her finger, and a mother-of-pearl cup, but hardly had she poured out the wine when an awkward movement, due to her haste—an emotion which no one can control—caused her to let everything drop upon the ground. Marthe was already bending down, red with annoyance, when her neighbor, leaning forward, picked up the cup and handed it to her.

"Here, mademoiselle."

He half rose, that he might offer it more politely. He had an odd face and one seemingly made for laughter. His eyes were very light in color, his nose was Punch's own; his lips red and smooth, turned up at the two corners under his squarely cut beard, and his attitude was awkward, as often happens when a person without cultivation puts on his best manners.

"If you will permit me, mademoiselle" said he, seeing that Marthe held her cup tightly clasped. "I will go get you some water."

"No, thank you."

"It wouldn't be the least trouble. There is a drinking fountain over there."

"I know there is. No, thank you."

"But you must be thirsty, mademoiselle. Take an apple, at least. It's a good one: a 'Wolf's Paw.'"

She was already moving off. Half turned away, she smiled as she heard the words "Wolf's paw."

Her lips opened timidly under her lowered veil and she said:—

"That isn't a Parisian name; that is what they say in La Vendée."

"But I come from La Vendée, mademoiselle."

She laughed outright. "How funny! So do I."

"I am from Luçon."

"And I from Fontenay-le-Comte."

"Take my apple, then, since we are neighbors at home."

Marthe-Mariette still hesitated. Perhaps she remembered how, from the days of Eve, it has always been a serious thing to accept an apple from one's neighbor. He who at the moment occupied that position was already bending over a morocco portfolio which lay on the bench, and presently he took out a little round object wrapped in tissue paper.

"Here it is, mademoiselle. Do take it. It's all right. My mother sends them to me."

She yielded without knowing why. Perhaps the thought of that distant homestead laid her under a kind of spell.

Marthe-Mariette seated herself at the extreme end of the bench, and opening the paper she found a gray pippin, which she began very slowly to pare. Nobody noticed them. Nobody paid any attention to these two beings who had detached themselves for a moment from the crowd which would presently again engulf them; two wanderers, whose paths in life had for an instant joined, but would presently diverge forever. The young girl bit into the first quarter of the apple, and it's donor, devoid now of all embarrassment, watched her with frank satisfaction. The joy of such as he knows no gradations and needs but little provocation to spring out full-fledged.

"It really is strange we should have met!" said he. "Do you know, mademoiselle, I hardly ever come across anyone from my part of the world? Certainly not in this way. Have you been long in Paris?"

"Thirteen months."

"Is that all? I've been here ever since I was a little fellow. Maurice Favier, at your service."

"I know the name."

"Of course you do; I got it at home!"

The interest in her tone had been barely perceptible, but it was enough to stimulate him to confidences. He told her that he had come to Paris when a mere lad to "make his way." It had been hard to get a start. He had no one to look to but himself (which is very unpleasant at first and very comfortable later), and had gone up slowly, step by step, in the publishing house where chance had placed him—an old and well-known establishment, sure, timid and parsimonious. The desks when he first came in as "packer" had all been occupied by gray-haired employees, which looked promising.

At the end of a dozen years the same individuals, now snow-white, occupied the same positions. It was only within the last two years that they had entrusted Maurice Favier with the honor of representing the firm of E. Plémont & Co. and of disposing of its wares in the southern and southern-western provinces. The compliment had its drawbacks too, alas! He might not sell their regular stock-in-trade (school books and books for prizes) at Nantes nor at Rennes, nor at St. Méen where there is a great boys' school; nor anywhere else in fact where big commissions were assured. And the reason was always the same. There was some old employe whom they were too stingy to put on the retired list and who just made the rounds of the principal cities and picked up all the profits of the district.

Seeing that his story fell on eager ears, that even the gloveless hands which held the pearl-handled knife were attentive, Maurice Favier continued. It was unjust, was it not, to be deprived of one's due in this way, and sometimes it was cruel; for there were heavy expenses to be met by his mother down there in La Vendée.

Had he not said to her when he came away:—

"Don't worry about anything now, mother. If I find a position it will be for the two of us. It is time for you to rest and let me take my turn."

The hobbledehoy of fourteen had kept his word, and so had the mature man. Each month he sent the customary postal order; every day, at that twilight hour when memory is in the ascendant like another planet, he seemed to see the old mother far away at Luçon sitting in tranquil enjoyment of the evening freshness, chatting with her neighbors, considered by everyone as a person of means. But it needed so much money for the old mother that he found it rather difficult to keep out of debt. Maurice Favier had a good memory and a keen natural wit; exactly the requisites for an "entertainer." So he began giving "attractive evenings" in provincial Academies. People could hire him for a hundred francs—for less if they drove a hard bargain—and when he had finished his round of the book-shops, he would don his evening suit, mount the platform and recite monologues and fables.

"It's not very gay, mademoiselle," said he in conclusion, "nor very dignified. But it's for the old lady. Is yours still alive?"

For the first time Marthe-Mariette looked him full in the face. She still had a bit of apple in the corner of her mouth; and her expression had become serious.

"Yes," said she, "but I am less fortunate than you. I am an expense to her."

"But you must have some employment. What do you do, mademoiselle?"

"I have my two diplomas. I should like to teach."

Maurice Favier gave a jerk to his head and repeated thoughtlessly what might have been the refrain of one of

his monologues—"More grind than guineas!"

There was a shade, just a shade of reproach in the voice which replied, "I know that, monsieur," and then fell silent.

Marthe-Mariette felt herself in the presence of a poverty more fortunate than her own; and she was her own familiar self again;—a nameless being going its appointed way, on its guard alike against the sympathy of which it has learned the hidden danger and against useless pity. Down there in the country where the gray pipplin had ripened such a meeting might have been the first of many. There they would have had both memories and kin-folk in common; there present poverty is made less noticeable by the absence of sharp contrasts, there ambition takes shorter and safer flights.

Les Annales.

But many a vision fades as you toil for your bread, alone and far away.

The young girl arose. A little slice of white apple, all peeled, which she had forgotten in her lap, fell to the ground.

"See there!" said Maurice. "The last quarter is wasted."

She did not smile. He saw that she had the true eyes of La Vendée: eyes which are slow to change their thought. A few steps more and they stood, she and he, before the iron railing of the square.

"Au revoir, mademoiselle, good luck!"

Marthe-Mariette found a truer word, and said, "Adieu, monsieur."

And, turning in different directions, the two entered the throng of pedestrians.

René Bazin.

SONNET.

A HARVEST OF SPRINGS.

Together we have won the winds' consent;
I have no thought of you that's far from Spring
In rainbow'd valleys—from the blossoming
Of blackthorn in the hedges, and the scent
Of primrose hollows, when a shower is spent:
Nor can I hear a thrush or blackbird sing,
But straight to you my mind is on the wing;
Together we have woo'd the woods' content.

With all Earth's op'ning buds this gladness grew—
Grew with the flowers, that not a footfall knew
Save yours and mine; and now, your looks and words—
Linked to the silences which fell between,
Like shadows on our path, aslant its green—
Live, with Spring's colors and the notes of birds.

The Argosy.

E. H.